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ART. I. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III, Prisoners of Chillon, and other Poems, by Lord Byron.*

IT has been so fashionable, of late, to admire Lord Byron's poetry, that no man who valued his pretensions to *ton*, dared to speak irreverently of any thing that bore the sanction of his name. His lordship's writings, indeed, pretty plainly intimate his own sense of the sublimity of his genius; and what can be more conclusive? What better authority could we possibly have than his lordship's judgment in the case? or who could be so conusant to his lordship's merits as himself? But be this as it may, it was, at any rate, very generally agreed to believe what his lordship so seriously persisted in asserting; and if he obtained credit in any proportion to the extent of his claims, his celebrity is not wonderful. His title to panegyrick being thus established, the only strife seemed to be, who should be most vociferous in his praise. If a snarling critic were surly enough to question a decree pronounced by acclamation, he could scarcely hope to be heard in the tumult of applause.

But fanaticism, which is generally founded in delusion, is ever transient; and the fickleness of fashion is proverbial. His lordship's experience of the

oscillation of public opinion in his favour, should have prepared him for its vicissitude. As so much of his excellence was taken upon trust, his fame was closely connected with his veracity; and he should not be astonished to find his reputation declining with the development of his character. Violent emotions are apt to be succeeded by their opposites. Contempt naturally follows disabused esteem; and mistaken sympathy may easily be converted into detestation. His lordship's boastful blazon of the depravity of his heart, casts no little imputation on the strength of his understanding; whilst his wanton exhibition of his deformity, has not left good-nature even a fig-leaf with which to cover his shame.

Yet, but for his folly, he might still have basked in the sunshine of favour. He had long enjoyed a plenary indulgence for sins against the canons of taste, and might have continued to transgress them with impunity, had he contravened no other laws. But, as he has chosen so intimately to blend his poetic with his moral character, and to obtrude himself, in both, so often, and with so little modesty, on the public, it

is not surprising that the lash of correction deservedly applied to the one, should, sometimes, inflict an unmerited stripe on the other. It is not, however, probably, the first instance in which his lordship has suffered from an imprudent connexion.

We have said that his lordship had long enjoyed an exemption from the scourge of criticism; but it was not always so;—nor was the lenity of the critics, owing to the humility with which he, at any time, kissed the rod. The Edinburgh Reviewers frowned terribly at the *peccadillos* of his lordship's lisping muse. The venial puerilities of some juvenile performances, which that eagerness for notoriety that has been the bane of his life, impelled him to print, drew down upon him, from those obdurate censors, a denunciation that might have daunted a veteran. So far, however, from inspiring his lordship with diffidence in his powers, or operating to dissuade him from his favourite pursuits, this severity of reprehension, whilst it inflamed his ire, suggested a means of appeasing his wrath. His retort in the satire of the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' afforded him, at once, the gratification of revenge and the *eclat* of triumph. Its influence was not confined to producing a change in public sentiment; but strange as it may seem, it wrought a prodigious revolution in the minds of his adversaries. However it may be accounted for, certain it is, that they suddenly relaxed the austerity of their features, and have, ever since, continued to smile on his lordship with the most condescending complacency.

This early and signal discomfiture of the Goliaths of literature, though achieved by a stripling, with little more than a pebble, was enough to deter less doughty champions from hazarding a conflict. Nor was the effect of this exploit merely to avert the danger of attack. Whilst the few who had felt his force, or feared his vigour, were awed at least into respectful silence, the many who rejoiced in the defeat of the vanquished, conspired to extol the prowess of the victor:—and, unfortunately, his lordship was weak enough to measure his desert by the scale of their gratitude.

The noble author did not repose long upon his laurels. He soon made a bold experiment upon the strength of his reputation; which unhappily bore him out in it. He was able, and his very temerity and extravagance were accessary to his success, to bring into vogue a new style of poetry, compared with which every thing that had preceded it was tame. He placed himself at the head of a new school; and the Stagyrte never had more disciples. The votaries of the system, of which Lord Byron was the propagator, have ravaged every region of fancy, and have erected the high places of their monstrous idolatry in groves sacred to the muses.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who lock'd from ink and paper scrawls,
With desperate charcoal, round his darken'd walls,

All, all are imitators of Byron. But one may mimic 'the contortions of the Sybil,' without catching 'her inspiration.' Such is the fate of most of the herd

of Byron's followers. In his lordship's wildest incoherence, there is something of poetic frenzy; and there are intervals in his raving:—even his absurdities are rarely ridiculous, and there is, sometimes, 'method in his madness.'

But his lordship has entirely lost sight of the true end of poetry. He has stripped her of her dignity. He has divorced her from reason, and prostituted her to passion. It used to be considered the province of poetry to inculcate useful truths by pleasing fictions; to instil moral lessons by impressive illustrations; to assign, with 'poetic justice,' to virtue its reward, and to vice its punishment; to excite horror at crime, and sympathy for suffering; in short, to refine the manners, 'to raise the genius, and to mend the heart.' Not one of these objects has his lordship ever proposed to himself. He has selected traitors, seducers, pirates, robbers, murderers, and atheists, as the heroes of his plots, and has held them up, if not to the approbation, at least to the commiseration of his readers. He has, by an incongruous assemblage of inconsistent qualities in the creatures of his imagination, and by throwing into his pictures an artful and deceptive mixture of light and shade, endeavoured to dazzle our sight and mislead our judgment. He has laboured to enlist our best feelings on the worst side, and to entice us to applaud the expression of sentiments which it would be impious to entertain.

But laying aside the moral of his fables, we have objections of no trivial nature to his lordship's *manner*. His

lordship seems to think it is as much beneath him to attend to the melody of his numbers, as it would be below a great general to step to the air of a march. He sacrifices on all occasions, without hesitation, both rhyme and rythm to piquancy of phrase. He is teasing us constantly, too, with hints and *innuendos* at ideas which he cannot define, simply because he does not comprehend them. Mystery is a source of the sublime, but not a convertible term for sublimity.

On the whole, his lordship's productions leave an impression on the mind, (which we cannot but suspect that they were designed to create,) that the author is capable of more than he has performed. It would seem as if one who could do so well, might do better.—We sincerely hope he may.

His lordship is not destitute of ambition; but it is not of the right sort. He has an inordinate appetite for popularity; but is satisfied with the coarsest kind of it. As long as he can procure his daily bread of praise, in return for his fragments of epic and fritters of song, we have no hope of his addicting himself to more worthy exertions. The only chance is, that his readers will at last be surfeited with his trash. As they become fastidious, he will probably mend; but whilst he can get even crumbs of encomium in exchange for the crudities with which he crowds the market, there is no prospect of improvement in the manufacture of his materials. His 'Third Canto of *Childe Harold*,' with its giblets and garnishes, forcibly reminded us of Peter Pindar's exclamation,—

Some folks are fond of hearing themselves chatter,

Promising wine, and giving milk and water,
Or that most mawkish mess call'd water-gruel,
This is not fair, my lord—'tis very cruel.

Another motive than vanity might, indeed, be suggested for the incontinence of his lordship's muse. It came out in evidence, in a recent trial before the Lord Chancellor, on an application for an injunction to restrain the sale of certain poems,* to which the publisher had taken the liberty to prefix his lordship's name to give them currency, that his lordship had received 2000*l.* from his Bookseller, Mr. MURRAY, for the copy-right of the little volume before us, and 5000*l.* at different times, on account of works purchased by him of the noble author. This huckstering does not exactly correspond with the lofty strain of his indignant apostrophe to Walter Scott—

And think'st thou Scott, by vain conceit perchance,

On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller should combine,

To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?

No, when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.

Let such forego the poets' sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;

Low may they sink to merited contempt,

And scorn remunerate the mean attempt;

Such be their meed, such still the just reward,
Of prostituted muse, and hireling bard!

For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,

And bid a long 'Good night to Marmion.'

If his lordship have incurred his own anathema, it is but an exemplification of the old adage.

* These spurious poems, which have been reprinted in this country under Lord Byron's name, are Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the Tempest, &c. We notice them to guard our readers against the imposture.

His friends, indeed, have said that the noble author appropriates no portion of these sums to his own use. We know not how the fact may be—though we should never have thought of reproaching any man with receiving the reward of his labours, had he not himself endeavoured to render it opprobrious. The world, we imagine, would much more easily forgive his lordship for subsisting on the products of his literary toil, than for squandering the inheritance of his family. The humiliation of vending his verses is but the consequence of the dilapidation of his patrimony, and no disgrace in comparison with the alienation of the venerable monuments of the feudal grandeur of his house.

But we shall gaze, in vain, on the galaxy of his lordship's virtues, for any glimmering of consistency. His character is a compound of contrarities—and his course has been as chequered as his character. It is amusing to trace his meanderings. To-day, he offers some fruit of his fecundity as a tribute of gratitude and a testimony of regard to a noble relative;*—to-morrow, disavows the acknowledgment; and the third day, recants his revocation. Sometimes the process is reversed, and he begins with reviling and ends with a dedication.† In one breath, he stigmatizes a man as a dunce,‡ or an ass,§ and

* His lordship dedicated his juvenile poems to the Earl of Carlisle, his guardian; ridiculed him in his Satires; and confesses, in his third canto of *Childe Harold*, that he had wronged him.

† Lord Holland and Thomas Moore were dealt with after this manner.

‡ Mr. Jeffrey, the leading editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to abuse whom, he wrote his *Satire*, and to gratify whom, he afterwards bought up the whole edition, and suppressed it.

§ Mr. Coleridge: this sentimental ballad.

in the next, admits him to be a scholar, or commends him as a poet.

Perhaps it will be thought unnecessary to have lacerated his lordship so deeply, in the dissection of his works. But the noble author has so identified himself with his theme, that it is next to impossible to sever him from his subject. Besides, we had an object in making an anatomy of his lordship. It has been said, by one whose opinion deserves consideration, that 'none but a good man can be a good orator.' If the axiom be equally applicable to the poet, perhaps we have detected the secret of his lordship's failure!—and it may be useful to point it out.

We have protracted, beyond our intention, what we designed merely as an introduction to a review which we have extracted from the *British Critic*.

In resuming the exercise of those rights which she seemed for a time to have abdicated, Criticism enters on the duties of her office in sullen state, and proceeds to arraign his lordship for a long arrearage of offences. We would not be understood as entirely according with the decisions of the reviewer, though we think them nearly as dispassionate, and quite as just, as such sentences generally are.

"We had cherished a hope, that

singer, besides being honoured with the epithet above alluded to, is thus coupled in a stanza with another worthy of the same school,

Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,

And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse.

And yet in return for some paltry compliment, his lordship has christened '*the Christabel*,' the most puling and drivelling of all '*baby-nurse*,' Coleridge's bantlings, '*that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem*.'

of Lord Byron and of his muse, we should have heard no more, till time, at least, and meditation should have enlarged the soul of the poet, and mellowed the power of his song. But a very few months since his Lordship and the public parted in no very pleasant mood; he called them forth not as arbitrators, but as parties in his domestic feuds; they obeyed the summons, but the cause which they espoused was not that of his Lordship; they gave their sentence with justice and enforced it with spirit; and from that decision, after a vain, and, in our opinion, a paltry appeal to their worst passions, he fled. We little thought that his Lordship would again have wooed so disdainful a mistress, especially when that mistress had begun to show some signs of lassitude on the endless repetition of the same tedious and disgusting strain. And yet his Lordship informs us,

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee—
Nor coined my cheek to smiles—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo."

"This is all vastly indignant and vastly grand; yet we have now two witnesses before us who speak a very different language, and we find ten more in Mr. Murray's catalogue, who tell the same tale. The man who sends out into the world a single poem, the labour perhaps of years, may affect, with some pretence of probability, to scorn the voice of public censure or approbation, but he who, at intervals only of a few months, shall continue to court the expectations of the world with the successive fruits of his poetic talent, not only exists a pensioner upon public fame, but lives even from hand to mouth upon popular applause. Every poem which he publishes is a living witness that he bows to the idolatry of the world a patient knee, and that he worships the very echo which he professes to scorn.

"The first publication of the noble Lord which claims our attention is the third part of *Childe Harold*. As the

first and second parts of this poem appeared before we commenced our critical labours, we shall pass no opinion on their merits, except that they were too generally over-rated by the fashion of the day. The poem before us is much more likely to find its level. The noble Lord has made such draughts upon public partiality, that little is now left him but the dregs of a cup which he once fondly thought to be inexhaustible. The hero of the poem is, as usual, himself: for he has now so unequivocally identified himself with his fictitious hero, that even in his most querulous moods, he cannot complain of our impertinence in tracing the resemblance. We really wish that the noble Lord would suppose that there was some other being in the world besides himself, and employ his imagination in tracing the lineament of some other character than his own. One would have imagined that in twelve several and successive efforts of his muse, something a little newer than this same inexhaustible self might have been invented. Wherever we turn, the same portrait meets our eye. We see it now glaring in oils, now sobered in fresco, now dim in transparency. Sometimes it frowns in the turban of the Turk, sometimes it struts in the buskins and cloak of the Spaniard, and sometimes it descends to fret in its native costume; but frown, strut or fret where it will, the face is still but one, and the features are still the same. "Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo every where." We are ever ready to listen with all due patience to a long story, provided it be not too often repeated, but there is really a limit beyond which human patience ceases to be a virtue. We must come at last to the question, What is Lord Byron to us, and what have we to do either with his sublimity or his sulks? It is his poetical not his personal character which is the subject of our criticism, and when the latter is so needlessly obtruded upon our attention, it betrays at once poverty of invention and lack of discretion. The noble Lord is ever informing us how

vastly superior both he and his genius are to the common herd of mankind; that he is a being of another and higher order, whose scowl is sublimity, and whose frown is majesty. We have the noble Lord's word for this and for a great deal more, and if he would have been content with telling us so not more than half a dozen times, to please him, we would have believed it. But he has pressed so unmercifully, that we now begin to call for proof, and all the proof we can find is in his own assertion. The noble Lord has written a few very fine, and a few very pretty verses which may be selected from a heap of crude, harsh, unpoetical strains; farther than this we neither know nor wish to know of his Lordship's fame. His Lordship's style, by a fortunate hit, caught the favourable moment in the turn of the public taste; his gall was mistaken for spirit, his affectation for feeling, and his harshness for originality. The world are now growing tired of their luminary, and wait only for the rise of some new meteor, to transfer their admiration and applause. The noble Lord had talents, which if they had been duly husbanded, might have ensured him a more permanent place in their estimation. His Lordship never could have been a Milton, a Dryden, a Pope, or a Gray, but he might have been a star of the third or fourth magnitude, whose beams would have shown even upon posterity with no contemptible lustre. As the matter stands, he will now be too late convinced that he whose theme is only self, will find at last that self his only audience.

The first sixteen stanzas of the Poem before us, are dedicated to this one everlasting theme, and contain, like a repetition pye, nothing more than the scraps of his former strains, seasoned rather with the garlic of misanthropy than the salt of wit. "Self-exiled Harold" reaches the plain of Waterloo, but with a step not more auspicious than that of preceding poets, who have trod that bloody plain. We know not what strange fatality attends a theme so sa-

cred, so sublime : whether it be that the grandeur of reality overpowers the faint gleam of fiction, or that there are deeds too mighty to be sung by living bards, the plains of Waterloo will live in the records of history, not in the strains of poetry. The description of the dance preceding the morning of the battle is well imagined, and excepting the fourth flat and rugged line, is happily expressed.

XXI.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

XXII.

"Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar!" P. 13.

'The noble Lord, as may easily be imagined, is very indignant that order, peace, and legitimate sovereignty should have been restored to Europe. The reflections which succeed partake as little of patriotism as of poetry; let us take the following stanza for an example.

XXXVI.

"There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment on the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the thunderer of the
scene!" P. 22.

'If this be philosophy, it is unintelligible; if it be sentiment, it is unbearable; if it be poetry, it is unreadable. When we come to "spirits antitheti-

cally mixed," our only idea is that of a "Cordial compound." The whole of the address to Bonaparte is at once crude and common place. In one stanza the noble Lord has clearly been a plagiarist from W. Scott.

LI.

"A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks;

Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting
dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as
they seem." P. 23.

'Our readers will readily call to mind the following beautiful lines in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide
The glaring bale fires blaze no more,
No longer steel clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.
As if thy waves since time was born,
Since first they roll'd their way to Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle horn.
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doom'd to know;
And darker as it downward bears
Is stained with past and present tears."

'Here we have precisely the same idea, but far better expressed; we scarcely know six better lines than those which close the simile. But when we read of "waves rolling o'er the blighted dream of a blackened memory," we are lost in the mazes of metaphorical confusion.

'The noble Lord cannot find it in his heart to pay the tribute even of a passing line to the heroic commander, who stands confessed, even by his very foes, the sword of Britain, and the shield of Europe. The poetry of Byron stands in far greater need of the name of Wellington, than the name of Wellington does of the poetry of Byron.

'From Waterloo the noble Lord travels by Coblenz down the Rhine to Switzerland. The magnificent scenery which the banks of that river present is

but tamely and ruggedly drawn: he is attended with better success when he enters the territories of the Swiss. The following description of a night sail on the Lake of Lausanne is perhaps the most brilliant passage in the poem.

LXXXV.

"Clear, placid Lemán! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delight should e'er have been
so moved.

LXXXVI.

"It is the blush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
more;

LXXXVII.

"He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LXXXVIII.

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star."

P. 47.

"The characters of Voltaire and Gibbon are drawn with more discrimination than we had reason to expect. What is the noble Lord's opinion of their success, he has not been pleased to impart. What his wishes are he has clearly shown by his anathema against their conquerors.

CV.

"Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;

Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were of gigantic minds, and their steep aim,
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and
the flame
Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign to do
more than smile.

CVI.

"The one was fire and sickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a
throne.

CVII.

"The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stang his foes to wrath, which grew from
fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

"Yet peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be
made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just."

P. 57.

"To the sentiments contained in the last stanza, if not to the poetry, we bow with unfeigned respect; but though we would not hastily condemn the frailties and the errors of others, yet we would not confound light and darkness, truth and falsehood in one undistinguished mass. The same hand which committed the sacred charge of truth to our care, will demand it again unpoluted at our hands. To condemn the error we are commanded; to condemn the person we are forbidden. That final judgment rests in a higher tribunal, which we fear, for the sake of the noble lord and of ourselves, will too surely "deign do more than smile."

'The Prisoners of Chillon is the complaint of the survivor of three brothers confined within the Chateau of that name, which is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve. The verses are in the eight syllable metre, and occasionally display some pretty poetry; at all events there is little in them to offend. We do not find any passage of sufficient beauty or originality to warrant an extract, though the whole may be read, not without pleasure by the admirer of this style of versification.

'The next poem that engages our notice is called DARKNESS, describing the probable state of things upon earth should the light and heat of the sun be withdrawn. To so strange and absurd an idea we must of course ascribe the credit of vast originality.

"The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe."

P. 30.

'We must confess that criticism is unable to reach a strain so sublime as this. If this be called genius, as we suppose it must, we are of opinion that the madness of that aforesaid quality is much more conspicuous than its inspiration. But after the noble Lord has carried us with him in his air balloon to so high an eminence in the sublime, on a sudden he discharges the gas, and down we drop to the lowest depth of the bathos below.

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be

That for this planet strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answered—"Well, I do not know
'Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
'He died before my day of Sextonship,
'And I had not the digging of this grave.'
And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
The veil of immortality? and carve
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successful? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's
thought

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers,—as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,—"I believe the man of whom
'You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
'Was a most famous writer in his day,
'And therefore travellers step from out their
way

'To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
'Your honour pleases,'—then most pleased I
shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently;—Ye smile
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name." P. 32.

'The noble Lord seems to be in the humour of Timon, to invite his friends to a course of empty dishes, which are finally to be discharged at their heads. Profane enough we must own ourselves, for never did we more heartily laugh than at the conclusion of this burlesque; in which we think the noble Lord has shown no ordinary talents. So much for the "Visit to Churchill's grave."

'The next poem, called "The Dream," contains as usual a long history of "my own magnificent self." At the conclusion we are told—

"The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd around
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many
men,

And made him friends of mountains: with the
stars

And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogue; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was opened wide,
And voices from the abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so." P. 44.

'*Amen*, say also we; for till these dialogues are somewhat more intelligible than many of the verses in this volume, we trust that our philosophy neither of intellect nor of temper will be put to the test by any attempt to interpret them. The next poem is a Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama, in which, as it consists wholly of curses upon some devoted victim, the reader will take for granted that the noble Lord has excelled.

'We fear that the noble Lord will gain very little credit by the volumes before us. The first is decidedly the best, and contains some very good lines, plenti-

fully interspersed with his accustomed crudities, but not without a considerable share of poetic merit. The Night Thoughts appear to be the objects of his imitation, but the copy falls very far short of the original. His Lordship's philosophy is at times of the sect of the "unintelligibles," at least to us ordinary mortals, who have been bred up in the schools of common sense. We do earnestly hope that the noble Lord will at last take his promised repose, and write no more, till he can cease to write about himself. The address to his daughter, with which the Child Harold concludes, under all those circumstances with which the public are too well acquainted, is written in bad taste, and worse morality. The English nation is not so easily to be whined out of its just and honourable feelings.'

ART. 2. *Christabel*,—*Kubla Khan*, a *Vision*,—*The Pains of Sleep*. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 8vo. pp. 64. Murray. London. 1816.

WE have copied the following article from the British Review, not so much on account of the importance of the piece of which it professes to treat, (which is, indeed, too contemptible to have arrested attention, had not some degree of credit been, heretofore, attached to the name of Mr. Coleridge,) as for the justness of its general criticisms. It is time for the professed guardians of morals and arbiters of taste, to interpose the authority with which they are invested, to shield the one, and to rescue the other, from the rude attacks of a wantonness of innovation, that has attempted the violation of both. '*The Christabel*' may be regarded, in one point of view, as the *ne plus ultra* of a school, of which, as it must soon go out of fashion, the curious may wish to preserve a specimen. We are

sorry that we cannot offer it as a rarity. If 'genius' were merely a divergency from the standard of common sense, Mr. Coleridge's claim to it would be incontestible,—for he has sunk as much below its level, as ever Milton soared above it. But, unfortunately, the difference between sublimity and *bathos* is so irreconcilable in nature, that mankind will never consent to confound them in language.

It is possible, indeed, and we are willing to believe it, that Mr. Coleridge intends '*the Christabel*' as a serious burlesque on the models of the poetry of the day. In that light it must be acknowledged, to be an amusing strain of delicate irony. In fact, if the *reductio ad absurdum* have any cogency, '*the Christabel*' is a pretty formidable argument to dispel infatuation.

“That wild and singularly original and beautiful poem,” as Lord Byron calls the production which stands first at the head of this article, in terms sufficiently uncouth, but of a convenient length and authoritativeness for the bookseller’s purpose in his announcement of the work, was read by us before we saw the advertisement, and therefore without that prejudice against it which the above applauding sentence would certainly have produced in us.

That the poem of *Christabel* is wild and singular cannot be denied, and if this be not eulogy sufficient, let it be allowed to be original; for there is a land of dreams with which poets hold an unrestricted commerce, and where they may load their imaginations with whatever strange products they find in the country; and if we are content with the raw material, there is no end to the varieties of chaotic originalities which may be brought away from this fantastic region. But it is the poet’s province, not to bring these anomalous existences to our view in the state in which he has picked them up, but so shaped, applied, worked up, and compounded, as almost to look like natives of our own minds, and easily to mix with the train of our own conceptions. It is not every strange fantasy, or rambling incoherency of the brain, produced perhaps amidst the vapours of indigestion, that is susceptible of poetic effect, nor can every night mare be turned into a muse; there must be something to connect these visionary forms with the realities of existence, to gain them a momentary credence by the aid of harmonizing occurrences, to mix them up with the interest of some great event, or to borrow for them a colour of probability from the surrounding scene. It is only under the shelter of these proprieties and correspondencies that withcraft has a fair and legitimate introduction into poetical composition. A witch is no heroine, nor can we read a tale of magic for its own sake. Poetry itself must show some

modesty, nor be quite unforbearing in its exactions. What we allow it the use of as an accessory, it must not convert into a principal, and what is granted to it as a part of its proper machinery, it must not impose upon us as the main or only subject of interest. But Mr. Coleridge is one of those poets who if we give him an inch will be sure to take an ell: if we consent to swallow an elf or fairy, we are soon expected not to strain at a witch; and if we open our throats to this imposition upon our good nature, we must gulp down broomstick and all.

‘We really must make a stand somewhere for the rights of common sense; and large as is the allowance which we feel disposed to give to the privileges and immunities of the poet, we must, at the hazard of being considered as profane, require him to be intelligible; and as a necessary step towards his becoming so, to understand himself, and be privy to the purposes of his own mind: for if he is not in his own secret, it is scarcely probable that he can become his own interpreter.

‘It was in vain that, after reading the poem of *Christabel*, we resorted to the preface to consult the poet himself about his meaning. He tells us only that which, however important, doubtless, in itself, throws very little light upon the mysteries of the poem, viz. that great part of the poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset: the second part, after his return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, in Cumberland. “Since the latter date my poetic powers,” says the author, “have been till very lately in a state of suspended animation.” Now we cannot but suspect that there is a little anachronism in this statement, and that in truth it was during this suspense of the *author’s poetical powers*, that this “wild and singularly original and beautiful poem” of *Christabel* was conceived and partly executed.

—Nondum facies viventis in illa,
Jam morientis erat.

Nor can we perceive any symptoms of recovery from this state of "suspended animation" in what has been lately added as the completion of the poem; we shall watch, however, like one of the agents of the Humane Society, for the signs of returning life, and consider the rescue of such a muse as that of Mr. Coleridge from suffocation by submerision as some gain to the cause of true poetry.

'In the preceding paragraph of the preface, Mr. Coleridge discovers no small anxiety to obviate the suspicion of having borrowed any part of this poem from any of "our celebrated poets," and this accounts for his particularity with respect to the chronology of the performance, which, short as it is, appears at each stage of it to have occasioned so much mental exhaustion as to demand long restorative intermissions. We never suspected Mr. Coleridge of plagiarism, and think he betrays an unreasonable mistrust of the credit which the critics will give him for originality. Our own opinion most decidedly is that he is honestly entitled to all the eccentricities of this poem; and that in asserting his exclusive property in them, he has done great negative justice to the rest of the literary world. Lord Byron seems as anxious to remove from himself the imputation of having borrowed from the author of *Christabel*. With this question we shall not trouble ourselves: where two are afflicted with an epidemic, it is of little importance which caught it of the other, so long as we can escape the contagion.

'The epidemic among modern poets is the disease of affectation, which is for ever carrying them into quaint, absurd, and outrageous extremes. One is determined to say nothing in a natural way, another is for saying every thing with infantine simplicity, while a third is persuaded that there is but one language for the drawing room, the Royal Exchange, the talk of the table, and the temple of the Muses. One consequence of this fatal propensity to affectation among our poets is a terrible

sameness or mannerism in each of those who have been encouraged to write much; and the worst of it is, that each of these luminaries, while he moves in his own orbit in perpetual parallelism with himself, has a crowd of little moons attending him, that multiply the malignant influence, and propagate the deceptious glare. But the most insufferable of all the different forms which modern affectation in composition has assumed is the cant and gibberish of the German school, which has filled all the provinces, as well of imagination as of science, with profound nonsense, unintelligible refinement, metaphysical morals, and mental distortion. Its perfection and its boast is, to be fairly franchised from all the rules and restraints of common sense and common nature; and if domestic events and social manners are the theme, all the natural affections, ties, charities, and emotions of the heart, are displaced by a monstrous progeny of vice and sentiment, an assemblage of ludicrous horrors, or a rabble of undisciplined feelings. We shall hail the day, as a day of happy auspices for the moral muse, when our present fanatic race of poets shall have exhausted all their "monstrous shapes and sorceries," and the abused understandings of our countrymen shall break these unhappy spells, forsake the society of demons, and be divorced from deformity. To us especially, whose duty condemns us to the horrible drudgery of reading whatever men of a certain reputation may choose to write, it will be a great refreshment, if it be only for the novelty of the scene, to find ourselves once more, if not at the fount of Helicon, or on the summit of Parnassus, yet at least in a region where fog and gloom are not perpetual, and poetry is so far mindful of its origin and ancient character as to proceed in the path of intelligibility, and to propose to itself some meaning and purpose, if not some moral end.

'And now for this "wild and singu-

larly original and beautiful poem" of *Christabel*. Could Lord Byron, the author of this pithy sentence, show us wherein consists its singular beauty? This is the only specimen we have yet seen of his Lordship's critical powers; but from the experience we have had of his Lordship's taste in these matters, we do not think he could give a better account of the principles of his admiration, or dilate with better success on the meaning of his sententious eulogium, than the bookseller who has borrowed its magical influence in all his advertisements of this poem.

'We learn two things, and two things only, with certainty, from this "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem:" that Sir Leoline was "rich," and that he "had a toothless mastiff bitch;" and if any one should be so unpoetical as to ask in plain terms what these two circumstances have to do with the business, story, or catastrophe of the poem, we must frankly confess that, wise as we are, we cannot tell; nor do we know to whom to refer him for information, unless it be to Lord Byron. The last person he should apply to in this distressing difficulty is the writer himself, who, if he has written with the true inspiration of a poet of the present day, would laugh at the ignorance of those who should expect him to understand himself, and tell them that by the laws and usages of modern poetry it was for the reader and the old toothless bitch to make out the meaning as they could between them.

'From the moment we leave the picturesque old lady (for we cannot but suspect the bitch to be a witch in that form) all is impenetrable to us, except the exact information which the poet gives us that "the night was chilly but not dark," and the strong suspicion we are led to entertain from its being "the month before the month of May," that it could not be, after all, any other than that month which a plain man would call April. As our readers may by this

time have some curiosity to see a little of this "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem," the old toothless bitch shall turn out for his entertainment; and he shall go with *Christabel* into the wood and attend her there until she meets with Lady Geraldine.

"'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!———Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

"Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She makes answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

"Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

"The lovely lady *Christabel*,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
Dreams, that made her moan and leap,
As on her bed she lay in sleep;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

"She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The breezes they were still also;
And nought was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

"The lady leaps up suddenly,
The lovely lady, *Christabel*!
It moan'd as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

"The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can;
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

"Hush, beating heart of *Christabel*!
Jesu, Maria shield her well!

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.]
What sees she there?

"There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white;
Her neck, her feet, her arms were bare,
And the jewels disorder'd in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!" (Christabel, p. 3—7.)

'Now this strange lady, who is to be sure some preternatural personage, comes home with Christabel, and passes the night with her. What the result of this adventure was is so very darkly intimated, that it would be hazardous to frame a conjecture. That all was not

as it should be, that some mysterious spells were wrought both upon Christabel and Sir Leoline, producing strange external and internal transformations, is evident; but what is meant to be understood to have been actually done, to what purpose, how produced, or with what consequences to the parties, we know as little as Mr. Coleridge himself. We should not be much surprised if the object of the poet was to make fools of the public, having observed Lord Byron to have succeeded so well in this art; and if it was really published on the first of "the month of May," we cannot altogether disapprove of the pleasantry.'

ART. 3. *Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand; a Tragedy in Five Acts.* By the Rev. R. C. Maturin. Fourth Edition, 8vo. pp. 80. Murray, London.

THE reverend Mr. Maturin, better known to our readers under the name of *Dennis Jasper Murphy*, as the author of the *Wild Irish Boy*, the *Fatal Revenge*, the *Milesian Chief*, &c. &c. has gone as far in outraging taste, modesty, virtue, nature and religion, as the most admired of his cotemporaries. All his productions bear strong marks of family likeness;—all display talent, all teem with extravagance, all tend to immorality. The tragedy of *Bertram* is stamped with his characteristic lineaments, and is altogether worthy of his genius.

How such horrible fantasies, as he is constantly, though unavailingly, exorcising, should ever have got possession of a mind disciplined to the duties of his sacred function, we are utterly at a loss to imagine. The indulgence of them seems scarcely compatible with the devoutness requisite in him, whose office it is to 'minister in holy things.' We have heard, indeed, and we cannot

lament it, if true, that since he has thrown off the disguise of a fictitious name, under which he had long successfully cloaked himself, he has been degraded from his perferments in the church.

The British Reviewers, to whom we are indebted for the remarks on this Drama, have very justly availed themselves of so fair an opportunity to animadvert on the gross indecorum of making the solemnity of prayer a matter of mimicry. Appeals to heaven are allowable only on important occasions of real life, and should be the aspirations of sincerity; but when both the scene and the sentiment are feigned, they are shocking profanations. Were it even possible for the spectators to enter into the illusion, it should yet be remembered that there is One, who 'cannot be deceived, and will not be mocked.'

The following Review should be read in connexion with the preceding

one of 'the Christabel,' of which it is a continuation.

'Come we now from the castle of Sir Leoline to the castle of St. Aldobrand. The change is so far an advantage to us, that we are no longer under a necessity to grope in the dark for a meaning. Every thing in this quarter is obvious and palpable enough. We are still, however, in the school of the influence of which we have been complaining. Rotten principles and a bastard sort of sentiment, such, in short, as have been imported into this country from German moralists and poets, form the interest of this stormy and extravagant composition. The piece is so much in the taste of Lord Byron, that the public have let that nobleman into a large share of the credit of the performance. How that may be we dare not say; but we venture to advise the reverend dramatist, for the sake of the holy and immortal interests connected with his profession, to withdraw himself from all connexion with Lord Byron's tainted muse, and to the greatest distance he possibly can from the circle within which the demons of sentimental profligacy exert their pernicious incantations. The best amulet we can recommend him to use by way of security against the influence of these spells and sorceries, is the frequent, the perpetual perusal of the word of God, of which it is his happy privilege to be the organ and expounder. Let him bind it for a sign upon his hand, and let it be as a frontlet between his eyes, and he may set at nought all the fascinations of depraved poetical examples. In that source of sublimity, simplicity, and beauty, will be found a holy standard of moral perfection, a magnificent display of real grandeur, towards which the soul may erect itself in an attitude of correspondent elevation, and carry its views safely beyond the boundaries of material existence into regions of intellectual splendour, and among those happy inspiring

objects which bear the poet aloft on seraph's wings,

"And wake to ecstasy the living lyre."

'The very *Dramatis Personæ* of this performance sufficiently announces to us what we are to expect, and particularly the ominous line at the bottom of the page, "Knights, Monks, Soldiers, Banditti, &c. recalled to our minds the alarm which we felt on reading Lord Byron's motto to his last redoubtable performance, "Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder." The story of this piece is told in a very few lines. Count Bertram, a nobleman of Sicily high in the favour of his sovereign, was attached to Imogene, a young lady of comparatively humble birth, who returned his love with an equal passion. By a sad reverse, the consequence of his ambition and rebellion, the count is deprived of all his fortune and honours, and banished from his native land. With a band of desperate followers he continues to keep the shores and the state itself in alarm. His great enemy and fortunate rival, to whose ascendancy he was forced to give way, is St. Aldobrand, a valliant and loyal subject, who, to complete the mortification of the discomfited rebel, obtains the hand of Imogene in the absence of her first lover. The lady's excuse for this breach of constancy is the starving state of a parent, whose wants she is thus enabled to relieve. Count Bertram, with his desperate band of followers, is shipwrecked upon the coast near the monastery of St. Anselm, and within a little distance of the castle of St. Aldobrand. They are received at the monastery with the hospitality usual in such places, and soon after a message comes from the fair Imogene to invite the shipwrecked voyagers to the castle of St. Aldobrand, as being capable of affording them better accommodation and refreshment than the convent. In the mean time, in a conversation with the prior of the convent, Count Bertram reveals himself;

and makes a full declaration with all the bitterness and rage of disappointed passion, and his deadly hate towards St. Aldobrand, and determined purpose of destroying him. He is made acquainted with the temporary absence of his enemy, then with the Knights of St. Anselm. Upon learning this he expresses a horrid joy, considering the opportunity as now arrived of satiating his vengeance. He goes to the castle of St. Aldobrand, where his followers are feasted. His interview with Imogene, and the dire impressions on his mind when the full disclosure of her situation is made to him, are exhibited in a scene of great tragic pathos and terror; and, in justice to the poet, we will here place it before the reader.

Bertram comes to the end of the stage, and stands without looking at her.

Imo. Stranger, I sent for thee, for that I deemed
Some wound was thine, that yon free band might chafe,—

Perchance thy worldly wealth sunk with yon wreck;

Such wound my gold can heal—the castle's almoner—

Ber. The wealth of worlds were heaped on me in vain.

Imo. Oh then I read thy loss—thy heart is sunk
In the dark waters pitiless; some dear friend,
Or brother, loved as thine own soul, lies there—
“I pity thee, sad man, but can no more—”

Gold I can give, but can no comfort give,
For I am comfortless—

“Yet if I could collect my faltering breath

“Well were I meet for such sad ministry,

“For grief hath left my voice no other sound—”

Ber. (striking his heart) No dews give freshness to this blasted soil—

Imo. Strange is thy form, but more thy words are strange—

Fearful it seems to hold this parley with thee.

Tell me thy race and country—

Ber. What avails it?

The wretched have no country: that dear name
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,
Protecting laws, all that binds man to man—
But none of these are mine;—I have no country—
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake
The sheeted relics of mine ancestry,
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists
In the bright blazon of their stainless coat,
Calls their lost child again—

Imo. I shake to hear him—

There is an awful thrilling in his voice—

“The soul of other days comes rushing in them.”

If nor my bounty nor my tears can aid thee,
Stranger, farewell; and 'mid thy misery

Pray, when thou tell'st thy beads, for one more wretched.

Ber. Stay, gentle lady, I would somewhat with thee.

(Imogene retreats terrified)

(detaining her)—Thou shalt not go—

Imo. Shall not!—Who art thou? speak—

Ber. And must I speak?

There was a voice which all the world, but thee,
Might have forgot, and been forgiven.

Imo. My senses blaze—between the dead and living

I stand in fear—oh God!—it cannot be—

Those thick black locks—those wild and sun-
burnt features—

He looked not thus—but then that voice—

It cannot be—for he would know my name.

Ber. Imogene—*(she has tottered towards him during the last speech, and when he utters her name, shrieks and falls into his arms)*

Ber. Imogene—yes,

Thus pale, cold, dying, thus thou art most fit
To be enfolded to this desolate heart—

A blighted lily on its icy bed—

Nay, look not up, 'tis thus I would behold thee,

That pale cheek looks like truth—I'll gaze no more—

That fair, that pale, dear cheek, these helpless arms,

If I look longer they will make me human.

Imo. (starting from him) Fly, fly, the vassals
of thine enemy wait

To do thee dead.

Ber. Then let them wield the thunder,

Fell is their dint, who're mailed in despair.

Let mortal might sever the grasp of Bertram.

Imo. Release me—I must break from him—he knows not—

Oh God!

Ber. Imogene—madness seizes me—

Why do I find thee in mine enemy's walls?

What dost thou in the halls of Aldobrand!

Infernal light doth shoot athwart my mind—

Swear thou art a dependent on his bounty,

That chance, or force, or sorcery brought thee thither;

Thou canst not be—my throat is swoln with agony—

Hell hath no plague—Oh no, thou couldst not do it.

Imo. “(kneeling)” Mercy.

Ber. Thou hast it not, or thou would speak—
Speak, speak—*(with frantic violence)*

Imo. I am the wife of Aldobrand,—

To save a famishing father did I wed.

Ber. I will not curse her—but the hoarded vengeance—

Imo. Aye—curse, and consummate the horrid spell,

For broken-hearted, in despairing hour

With every omen dark and dire I wedded—

Some ministering demon mocked the robed priest,

With some dark spell, not holy vow, they bound me,

Full were the rites of horror and despair.

They wanted but—the seal of Bertram's curse.

Ber. (not heeding her)—Talk of her father—
could a father love thee

As I have loved? “—the veriest wretch on earth

"Doth cherish in some corner of his heart
 "Some thought that makes that heart a sanctuary
 "For pilgrim dreams in midnight-hour to visit,
 "And weep and worship there.

"—And such thou wert to me—and thou art lost.

"—What was a father? could a father's love

"Compare with mine?" in want, and war, and peril,

Things that would thrill the hearer's blood to tell of,

My heart grew human when I thought of thee—
 Imagine would have shuddered for my danger—
 Imagine would have bound my leechless wounds,
 Imagine would have sought my nameless corse,
 And known it well—and she was wedded—wedded—

—Was there no name in hell's dark catalogue
 To brand thee with, but mine immortal foe's—
 And did I 'scape from war, and want, and famine,
 To perish by the falsehood of a woman?

Imo. Oh spare me, Bertram; oh preserve thyself.

Ber. A despot's vengeance, a false country's curses,

The spurn of menials whom this hand had fed—
 In my heart's steeled pride I shook them off,
 As the bayed lion from his hurtless hide
 Shakes his pursuer's darts—across their path—
 One dart alone took aim, thy hand did bard it.

Imo. He did not hear my father's cry—Oh heaven—

Nor food, nor fire, nor raiment, and his child
 Knelt madly to the hungry walls for succour
 E'er her wrought brain could bear the horrid thought,

Or wed with him—or—see thy father perish.

Ber. Thou tremblest lest I curse thee, tremble not—

Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched—

Though thou hast made me—but I will not curse thee—

Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,
 That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—

Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee—
 May pomp and pride shout in thine adder'd path
 Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness—

May he thou'st wed, be kind and generous to thee,
 Till thy wrung heart, stabbd by his noble fondness,

Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood—
 May thy babe's smile speak daggers to that mother

Who cannot love the father of her child,
 And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,
 When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around thee,

May ruined Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—

Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—

While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her towers.
 (Bertram, p. 25—30.)

'At the next meeting of this luckless pair, which is at the convent of St. Anselm, after much painful conflict,

Bertram extorts a promise from Imogene to meet him under the castle walls, and yield him an hour's intercourse. The appointment is kept, and in a wretched moment the stain of guilt is added to the sorrows of the unhappy wife. Immediately after the parting, Bertram hears that Lord Aldobrand had received a commission from his sovereign to hunt down the outlawed Bertram. From this moment he forms an inexorable determination to murder (for whatever gloss is given to the act, in reference to the manner, place, and time of doing it, no other name could properly describe it) his devoted enemy. His horrid purpose is declared to the wretched wife, whose pitiable and mad despair, on being unable to move him from his purpose, is certainly a most distressing picture of female anguish. The murder is committed; and all that succeeds is the utter misery, madness, and death of Imogene, and the death of the Count by his own hands.

'That there is much deep distress in the story of this tragedy, very considerable force in the expression of feeling and passion, and both vigour and beauty in the imagery and diction, we are very ready to admit; but in dignity, propriety, consistency, and contrast, in the finer movements of virtuous tenderness, the delicacies of female sensibility, the conflict of struggling emotions, heroical elevation of sentiment, and moral sublimity of action, this play is extremely deficient. The hero is that same mischievous compound of attractiveness and turpitude, of love and crime, of chivalry and brutality, which in the poems of Lord Byron and his imitators has been too long successful in captivating weak fancies and outraging moral truth. Let but your hero be well favoured, wo-begone, mysterious, desperately brave, and, above all, desperately in love, and the interest of the female reader is too apt to be secured in his behalf, however bloody, dark, and revengeful, however hostile

towards God and man, he may display himself in his principles and actions. The whole theory and secret of this poetical philosophy is amusingly detailed in the epilogue to the piece, from which, small as is our general esteem for these literary performances, we must, for the sake of the profound ethical maxims it contains, exhibit an extract to the reader.

"Enough for Imogene the tears ye gave her;
I come to say one word in Bertram's favour.—
Bertram! ye cry, a ruthless blood-stain'd rover!
He was—but also was the truest lover:
And, faith! like cases that we daily view,
All might have prosper'd had the fair been true.

"Man, while he loves, is never quite deprav'd,
And woman's triumph, is a lover sav'd.

The branded wretch, whose callous feelings
court

Crime for his glory, and disgrace for sport;
If in his breast love claims the smallest part,
If still he values one fond female heart,
From that one seed, that ling'ring spark, may
grow

Pride's noblest flow'r, and virtue's purest glow:
Let but that heart—dear female lead with care
To honour's path, and cheer his progress there,
And proud, though haply sad regret occurs
At all his guilt, think all his virtue hers."

(Epilogue, p. 81.)

"The cardinal crime on which the story turns is the fatal act of infidelity committed under the walls of the castle of Aldobrand. And this crime is proposed and assented to by the contracting parties, in a manner as little consistent with common modesty in woman, and common generosity in man, as can well be imagined. But if that which ought most to soften a man towards the sufferings of a woman be the consciousness that he himself has been the cause of it, then is this Bertram one of the worst specimens of a man and a soldier that we have yet encountered in the course of our experience. After cropping this fair flower, he treads it under foot, and scatters in the dust its blasted beauty. With ruthless delight, and demoniac malice, he spurns the soft and melting prayers in her husband's behalf, whom he resolves to murder in his own mansion, in the presence or hearing of his wife and child, and, as it seems, while he rests on his couch after the

fatigue of a journey. All this he resolves, and the deed is done, without any tender visitings of nature, and with less compunction or conflict in his bosom than Milton's devil expressed on the eve of destroying the felicity of Paradise. And yet says the epilogue in apology for all this,

"Bertram! ye cry, a ruthless blood-stain'd rover!

He was—but also was the truest lover!"

"We will present to our readers the scene which takes place between the lovers after that act of shame by which the mother, wife, and woman, were for ever lost.

Enter BERTRAM.

"It is a crime in me to look on thee—

"But in what'er I do there now is crime—

"Yet wretched thought still struggles for thy safety—

"Fly, while my lips without a crime may warn thee—

"Would thou hadst never come, or sooner parted.

"Oh God—he heeds me not:

"Why comest thou thus?" what is thy fearful business?

"I know thou comest for evil, but its purport

"I ask my heart in vain.

Ber. "Guess it, and spare me." (*a long pause, during which she gazes at him*)

Canst thou not read it in my face?

Imo. I dare not;

"Mixt shades of evil thought are darkening there;

"But what my fears do indistinctly guess

"Would blast me to behold—(*turns away, a pause*)"

Ber. Dost thou not hear it in my very silence?

"That which no voice can tell, doth tell itself.

Imo. My harassed thought hath not one point of fear,

"Save that it must not think."

Ber. throwing his dagger "on the ground")

Speak thou for me,—

Show me the chamber where thy husband lies,

The morning must not see us both alive.

Imo. (screaming and struggling with him)

Ah! horror! horror! off—withstand me not,

"I will arouse the castle, rouse the dead,

"To save my husband; villain, murderer, monster,

"Dare the bayed lioness, but fly from me.

Ber. Go, wake the castle with thy frantic cries:

"Those cries that tell my secret, blazon thine.

"Yea, pour it on thine husband's blasted ear.

Imo. Perchance his wrath may kill me in its mercy.

Ber. No, hope not such a fate of mercy from him;

"He'll curse thee with his pardon."

"And would his death-fixed eye be terrible
 "As its ray bent in love on her that wronged him?
 "And would his dying groan affright thine ear

"Like words of peace spoke to thy guilt—in vain?
Imo. I care not, I am reckless, let me perish.

"*Ber.* No, thou must live amidst a hissing world,
 "A thing that mothers warn their daughters from,
 "A thing the menials that do tend thee scorn.

"Whom when the good do name, they tell their beads,
 "And when the wicked think of, they do triumph;
 "Canst thou encounter this?

"*Imo.* I must encounter it—I have deserved it;
 "Begone, or my next cry shall wake the dead.

"*Ber.* Hear me.
 "No parley, tempter; fiend, avaunt.

"*Ber.* Thy son.—(*she stands stupified*) Go,
 take him trembling in thy hand of shame,

"A victim to the shrine of public scorn—
 "Poor boy! his sire's worst foe might pity him,
 "Albeit his mother will not—

"Banished from noble halls, and knightly converse,
 "Devouring his young heart in loneliness

"With bitter thought—my mother was—a wretch.
Imo. (*falling at his feet*) "I am a wretch,

but who hath made me so?
 "I'm writhing like a worm, beneath thy spurn."
 Have pity on me, I have had much wrong.

Ber. My heart is as the steel within my grasp.
Imo. (*still kneeling*) Thou hast cast me down

from light,
 "From my high sphere of purity and peace,
 "Where once I walked in mine uprightness, blessed—

"Do not thou cast me into utter darkness."
Ber. (*looking on her with pity for a moment*)
 Thou fairest flower—

Why didst thou fling thyself across my path,
 My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,
 But cannot pause to pity thee.

Imo. Thou must,
 "For I am strong in woes"—I ne'er reproached thee—

"I plead but with my agonies and tears—"
 Kind, gentle Bertram, my beloved Bertram,
 For thou wert gentle once, "and once beloved,"

Have mercy on me—Oh thou couldst not think it—
 (*looking up, and seeing no relenting in his face, she starts up wildly*)

By heaven "and all its host," he shall not perish.
Ber. "By hell and all its host," he shall not live.

"This is no transient flash of fugitive passion—
 "His death hath been my life for years of misery—
 "Which else I had not lived—

"Upon that thought, and not on food I fed,
 "Upon that thought, and not on sleep I rested—
 "I come to do the deed that must be done—
 "Nor thou, nor sheltering angels could prevent me."

Imo. "But man shall, miscreant"—help!
Ber. Thou callest in vain—

The armed vassals all are far from succour—
 "Following St. Anselm's votarists to the convent—"

My hand of blood are darkening in their halls—

"Wouldst have him butchered by their ruffian hands
 "That wait my bidding?

Imo. (*falling on the ground*)—Fell and horrible

"I'm sealed, shut down in ransomless perdition.
Ber. Fear not, my vengeance will not yield its prey.

"He shall fall nobly, by my hand shall fall—
 "But still and dark the summons of his fate,
 "So winds the coiled serpent round his victim.

"Ill as the lady Imogene was used
 by her sanguinary and brutal lover, we

cannot say that her own character is such as to entitle her to much respect.

The author has endeavoured in a very lame manner to support her constancy

by the pretext, not a very new one, and in the present instance clumsily enough

inserted, of a starving parent whose life was saved by the sacrifice: and after

this first sacrifice to convenience or exigency, not unlike those which, in the

coarse arrangements of ordinary life, parents are apt to require of their

daughters, and daughters are apt very cheerfully to submit to, she makes

another voluntary sacrifice of her honour, her husband, and her child, to another

sort of convenience or exigency which is created by the urgency of nature or

the stress of passion. The events are of ordinary occurrence and of ephemeral

frequency in vicious society; and though the author has raised them to

tragic dignity by his manner of telling and describing them, and the vivacious

touches of a very glowing pencil, yet the real substratum of the tale is one of

those turbulent triumphs of passion over duty, which mar the peace of families

and make the practicers in Doctors' Commons.

"That this murderous fellow of a count is meant to engage our admiration and

interest our sympathies, is but too apparent. After Bertram has revealed to

the Prior his bloody trade as the leader of a banditti, and his yet more horrible

purposes, the holy man, as he is called, thus addresses him:

Prior. High-hearted man, sublime even in thy guilt."

And again, after the horrible murder, which certainly had as little sublimity

in it as the murders of Radcliffe Highway, the saintly Prior meets the bloody Bertram with this exclamation :

Prior. This majesty of guilt doth awe my spirit—

Is it the embodied fiend who tempted him
Sublime in guilt ?”

Never was a murderer of a man in power let off so well. He walks abroad a chartered ruffian ; and he who but a little before had been proclaimed as an outlaw, and his life declared to be forfeited, is left, after the assassination of the greatest and most honourable man in the country, to hold a long parley with monks and friars, and at last to die at his own leisure, and in his own manner. What occasioned the fall of Count Bertram and his banishment is not disclosed, but we are at liberty to suppose it was rebellious and treasonable conduct. The Prior, who seems to have known him well, alludes to the similarity of his case to that of the “ star bright apostate ;” and the main ground of his implacable hostility to Lord Aldobrand is the patriotic office with which he is invested of preventing him, if possible, from infesting the coast as a marauder, and chasing him out of the woods wherein he and his banditti were secreting themselves. It does not appear that Aldobrand had vowed his destruction, but on the contrary the Prior thus advises him,

“ Flee to the castle of St. Aldobrand,
His power may give thee safety.”

‘ So that upon the whole there seems to be a want of a sufficient provocation to the horrid crime which Bertram committed, except a tendency by nature to acts of blood and cruelty be supposed to have pre-existed in his mind, and to have prepared the way to the villany which followed. And when all this is properly weighed, the desperate love towards such a restless ill-disposed person in the mind of a gentle lady, unsubdued by a union with a kind and noble husband, distinguished by public fidelity and private worth, the fruit of which union was a child,

the tender object of the love of both its parents, stands pretty much without defence, even at the bar of that tribunal where love holds its partial sessions.

‘ On the stage there should be no tampering with the Majesty of Heaven. Neither appeals, or addresses, nor prayers, nor invocations to the King of kings, nor images taken from his revealed word, or from his providences, or his attributes, can be decorously or safely introduced on the stage, or adopted for the purposes of mere poetical effect, or pretended situations. Objects of such tremendous reality are not the proper appendages of fiction. They were intended only for hallowed uses, and not for entertainment or ornament. Upon these grounds it seems to us to be a practice that cannot be justified by any prescriptive usage of the drama, to blend the pure idea of Heaven and Heaven’s King with the corrupt display of human passions, and representations of earthly turmoils and distractions. We do not mark the play before us as peculiarly deserving of censure in this respect ; but the passage which follows has given us the opportunity of boldly declaring ourselves on this subject, whatever credit we may lose by it in the opinions of the more liberal critics of these times.

“ *Imo.* Aye, heaven and earth do cry, impossible.

The shuddering angels round the eternal throne
Veiling themselves in glory, shriek impossible,
But hell doth know it true.”

‘ We take our leave of Christabel and Bertram, but not without adverting, as in justice we ought, to the great disparity between these productions in the merits of the compositions. The poem which has been denominated “ wild and singularly original and beautiful” is, in our judgment, a weak and singularly nonsensical and affected performance ; but the play of Bertram is a production of undoubted genius. The descriptive as well as the pathetic force of many passages is admirable, and the rhythm and cadence of the verse is

musical, lofty, and full of tragic pomp. As the reader has observed, we have many serious objections to the piece, and we cannot but greatly regret that a mind like that of its author should have lent itself to the trickery of Lord Byron's cast of characters, and employed itself in presenting virtue and vice in such delusive colours, and inappropriate forms.'

ART. 4. *Airs of Palestine, a Poem.* By John Pierpont, Esq. Baltimore. B. Eddes.

SOON after the discovery of America, and when little was known of it, with certainty, but its existence, a theory was started, by some of the philosophers of the old world, highly derogatory to the importance of their new acquisition;—which was no less than that this Continent was a sort of after-creation, when nature was in her dotage; and that in all her efforts in this hemisphere, she betrayed manifest indications of imbecility. A notion so suited to flatter European pride readily obtained; and as more pains are usually taken to circulate calumny than to refute it, the belief may possibly yet prevail where it was propagated.

The philosophers, however, happened, for once, to be mistaken,—the fact being directly the reverse of the hypotheses. The aspect of nature is both grander and more beautiful in America,—her mien is more majestic, her features are more varied and more lovely, her disposition is kinder, and her products are more liberal and diversified, than in any other quarter of the globe;—and whatever grade, in the scale of intellect, may be assigned to the aborigines, we can now boast a race of men who are able to vindicate their claims to the prerogative of talent.

We have no reason to blush at the character of our countrymen. We can point, in the catalogue of our illustrious

citizens, to names that would adorn the annals of any age or nation; and in point of general information, intelligence, ingenuity, and enterprise, we dread comparison with none.

It is true we have produced but few authors;—yet fewer bad ones, in proportion, than is generally the case. As we do not often see any but the more approved works that appear abroad, we are led to judge of the remainder by these specimens. From fallacious premises, it is not wonderful that we should draw a false conclusion. Probably not one work in ten, that is published in Great Britain, survives the first edition, and scarcely one in ten of this decimation, ever reaches this country. We have little idea of the number of volumes that fall daily still-born from the press in the British metropolis.

But still, we are reproached because we have produced so few authors,—let their merits be as they may. We suspect that the old leaven of the original error in regard to this country is at the bottom of this argument, which is urged by cavillers. The reason of this alleged, and admitted deficiency, is perfectly obvious, and in no degree impeaches our capacity. Books are the manufacture of the mind;—and precisely the same reason which has led us to rely on foreign skill and industry for many other fabrics, has induced us to import

these,—we could buy them cheaper than we could make them.

Labour, both mental and manual, has been in too great demand, heretofore, in this country, to permit us to weave either poetry or cambric to advantage. Any man whose education and talents qualified him for authorship, could obtain a more lucrative employment; and there were few among us who could afford to make sacrifices to inclination.

Even now, when the professions are crowded, and there are surplus talents that may be purchased at a reasonable price, nobody is willing to bid for them,—and why? We observed that books, like most other manufactures, might be imported cheaper than they could be wrought;—this is emphatically true, though the analogy does not strictly hold, for we pay nothing for foreign literature,—that is to say, and it would seem rather paradoxical without this explanation, our *booksellers* pay nothing for the copy-right of foreign publications,—and, of course, our own writers can never fairly enter into competition with foreigners, in fancy articles, till they can afford to offer their commodities on equally accommodating terms. Yet even in that event, we doubt whether disinterested love of fame be as powerful a stimulus as the sordid love of gold; though no doubt a much more honourable source of inspiration.

But even this meed is grudgingly bestowed. We have so accustomed ourselves to read English books, that we have adopted English prejudices; and are ready to join in a sneer at any attempt towards literary independence. It is a little extraordinary that a people who are so jealous of their fame in every other respect, and who are so fond of praise, that they are wont to laud themselves on the slightest pretences, should be willing to waive an undoubted right, and acquiesce in a charge of inferiority in a particular, where degradation is most galling to pride. We trust that our countrymen will not, always, so undervalue their privileges and debase their understandings.

If under all these disheartening circumstances, native genius still rears its crest, we may imagine what it would achieve under more encouraging auspices. The poem before us gives indubitable indications of poetic talent, which it requires only the ray of patronage to mature to excellence. In vigour of fancy, richness of imagery, and fertility of allusion, it is surpassed by the productions of no cotemporary bard; whilst in chasteness of style, and purity of sentiment, it forms a striking and honourable contrast with the polluted taste and prostituted morals of the popular poetry of the age.

The "*Airs of Palestine*," we are informed by the author, in an introduction of some length and much interest, "is intended purely and exclusively as a religious poem." The connexion between poetry and religion, was as early as we have any evidences of the existence of either; and the best interests of both have suffered from their severance. We rejoice that the muse is returning to her first love, and hope that no rude hand may hereafter violate their union. Let us not be misunderstood; we do not wish to check her cheerfulness, nor to inhibit her gambols;—we would make her the sister, and not the slave of virtue. The subject of

this poem is 'Sacred Music;' and to trace the affinity between the exaltation produced by sublime strains of solemn harmony and the fervour of devotional feeling, and hence to infer its appropriateness as an accompaniment to social worship, is, apparently, the design of the poet; in the prosecution of which he adduces many apt and forcible illustrations from sacred history, and the volume of nature.

The poem commences with the confusion of language on the destruction of the tower of Babel. Yet we are told that in this general wreck,

'All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents, from each jarring tongue;
All was not lost; for Love one tie had twin'd,
And Mercy dropp'd it, to connect mankind:
One tie, that winds, with soft and sweet control,
Its silken fibres round the yielding soul;
Binds man to man, soothes Passion's wildest strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supplies a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderers, to his Father's throne,
That tie is *Music*.

Our limits will not allow us to attempt a delineation of the plan of the poem. We must content ourselves with presenting to the reader some detached pictures. After celebrating the empire of music over brute instinct,—its sovereignty over the soul, the poet proceeds,

'To her, Religion owes her holiest flame:
Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came.

And when Religion's mild and genial ray,
Around the frozen heart, begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,
Is warm'd—made liquid—and to heaven exhal'd.

He cannot refrain from glancing, as he passes, at the poetic traditions of classic mythology.

'Where lies our path?—though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path?—a poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre!

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See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow:
See at his foot, the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempe breathes in beds of flowers,

Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels whispering on his shady sides.
Your theme is Music:—Yonder rolls the wave,
Where dolphins snatch'd Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre:—Citheron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion play'd
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charm'd stones around him, and gave cities birth,
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path—for there the Muses dwell.

'No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave, for Palestine.
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,

And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:
In Carmel's holy grots, I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch, with Sharon's deathless rose.'

The description of David's deliverance of Saul, by the magic of his lyre, from the enchantment of the evil spirit, is highly animated, and contains a fanciful and original suggestion.

'As the young harper tries each quivering wire,
It leaps and sparkles with prophetic fire,
And, with the kindling song, the kindling rays
Around his fingers tremulously blaze,
Till the whole hall, like those blest fields above,
Glow with the light of melody and love.

Soon as the foaming demon hears the psalm,
Heaven on his memory bursts, and Eden's balm;
He sees the dawns of too bright a sky;
Detects the angel, in the poet's eye;
With grasp convulsive, rends his matted hair;
Through his strain'd eye-balls shoots a fiend-like glare;
And flies, with shrieks of agony, that hall,
The throne of Israel, and the breast of Saul;
Exil'd to roam, or, in infernal pains,
To seek a refuge from that shepherd's strains.'

But were we to copy every thing that pleases us, we should extend our extracts beyond the bounds we have prescribed to ourselves. Yet we do not consider the performance perfect, even in reference to its object; much less would we assign to it a rank to

which it does not aspire. It possesses great merit ; but we value it more for what it promises to hope, than for what it yields to fruition. We trust that this essay will meet with such a reception as to induce the author to give scope to his imagination in some undertaking equally worthy of his genius, and more commensurate with his powers.

We have but one specific objection to the 'Airs of Palestine'—it annoys us with the frequent recurrence of double rhymes. In our opinion, they never consist with the dignity of heroic verse, but, at any rate, should not be brought into such proximity, as pains the ear in the following lines.

'There, in dark bowers imbosomed, Jesus flings
His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings ;

Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory ;
And, while the group, each hallowed accent
gleaning,
On pilgrim's staff, in pensive posture leaning—
Their reverend beards, that sweep their besoms,
wet
With the chill dews of shady Olivet---
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sor-
row,
With their lov'd Lord, whose death shall shroud
the morrow.'

There are, too, some instances of verbal alliteration that we cannot approve. This is an ornament that should be used sparingly ;

'The cross is crumbled, and the crosier crush'd,'
is, we think, carrying it a little too far,—though it is, generally, applied with judgment and effect.

It is worthy, however, of particular remark and commendation, in these slovenly times, that there is not a false quantity or rhyme in the whole poem.

ART. 5. *A Sketch of the Life and Character of President Dwight, delivered as an Eulogium, before the Academic Body of Yale College, by Benjamin Silliman, Chem. Min. and Phar. Prof. New-Haven. Maltby, Goldsmith & Co.*

IN the death of Dr. Dwight, the world has sustained a loss to which it is rarely exposed,—that of a great and good man. The Eulogy before us, is one of the many expressions of grief and affection excited by this calamitous event throughout our country. Professor Silliman, from his collegiate connexion and personal intimacy with the deceased, enjoyed an opportunity, which he knew both how to appreciate and to improve, of becoming acquainted with the events of his life, and of analyzing his character. He has acquitted himself creditably in this attempt to exhibit a sketch of both. He has presented us with an interesting outline of the history, and a just estimate of the moral and literary merits of the distinguished subject of his Memoir.

His reputation as a writer may not, indeed, be enhanced by the present performance ; but he has shown his good sense in not aiming, in a production of this nature, at a display of his rhetorical powers. He has adhered, with laudable fidelity, to the discharge of the duty assigned him, without diving into pathos, or straggling into sublimity. It is so rarely that we see either an oration, or an address, written with any degree of modesty or appropriateness, that we cannot withhold the acknowledgment of our obligation to Professor Silliman, for his signal forbearance on an occasion where his feelings were so likely to have triumphed over his judgment. We hope that this commendable observance of decorum will be

generally imitated, and that, hereafter, the remains of departed worth will be either 'quietly inurn'd,' or deplored in a manner not to aggravate affliction.

We shall avail ourselves of Professor Silliman's execution of a task we should, otherwise, have undertaken ourselves, and shall offer no apology to the reader for the length of our extracts from so interesting a biography. We have copied no more of it, however, than was absolutely necessary to make the narrative continuous.

'Dr. Dwight was born at Northampton on the 14th of May, 1752.

'The earliest indications of his childhood were those of talent and superiority. From the age of four years, when instructed chiefly by maternal care, he was able to read fluently in the Bible, the proofs of his intellectual superiority became more and more evident;—and, it may with truth be said, that, during sixty years, he constantly excited and gratified the most ardent hopes, and deserved and commanded the most active esteem and admiration.

'This College enjoys the honour of having given him his academic education, which, at the early age of seventeen, he completed; and such was the maturity and promise of his character, that at nineteen he entered on the responsible duties of a tutor.

'From the year 1765, to 1770, vigorous exertions had been made, by several superior men in the government, to raise the standard of moral sentiment and manners, to invigorate relaxed discipline, and to create a good rhetorical taste among the students.

'Their efforts, made under circumstances peculiarly inauspicious, were still, in some good degree, successful. No efforts could have been more consonant to the views of our departed head. On his accession, to the office of tutor, in 1771, he entered into, and seconded them, with his whole heart;

and, while he strenuously supported the dignity of the government, he, in connexion with his distinguished coadjutors,* overthrew the dominion of false taste, both in composition and elocution, and, a standard both of poetry and prose, pure, classical, and dignified, was established.

'THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN, the author's most considerable poetical work, was commenced at the age of nineteen, and finished during his residence here as a tutor, the greater part of which period it, in some degree, occupied. His mind must, therefore, have been much employed, in poetical studies, at the very time when he was using every effort to promote a just taste in fine writing.

'It appears that Mr. Dwight was admitted a member of the College Church, in 1774, at the age of twenty-three.

'It is worthy of commemoration that President Dwight was, from early life, a lover of sacred music: he even cultivated it as a science, and several anthems, and other musical compositions, executed while he was a tutor, and at various subsequent periods of his life, have received a general adoption in our sacred assemblies. His vocal powers were also superior, and he took much delight in joining in this part of public worship.

'He composed an anthem, adapted to Dr. Watts' version of the xcii. Psalm; and, it may not be improper to mention, even in this serious connexion, that he composed music for several of his smaller poetical productions. The patriotism of his countrymen, during the American Revolution, was not a little excited by his muse and by his lyre; adapted, in some cases, to the tone of cultivated minds, and, in others, to the less refined taste of the soldiery.

'At the close of his tutorial career, in 1777, Mr. Dwight, who was an ardent lover of his country, and a devoted friend to its liberties, went into the army, as chaplain, in the brigade of General Parsons, and division of Ge-

* Trumbull, Humphreys, and others.

neral Putnam. The year which he spent in the army, as it brought him into a scene entirely new;—into personal contact with many of the great actors in that eventful period; and with all the varieties of the human character, impelled to action by the grand machinery of war, contributed more, perhaps, than any similar period of his life, to extend his knowledge of the world, and to mature his capacity for usefulness. In after life, he often adverted to his connexion with the army, and drew, from his experience and observations during that period, many topics of remark and instruction, fruitful in the illustration of the human character. While in the army he took every proper opportunity of insinuating instruction, in the happiest manner, into the minds of the younger officers and soldiers: he was compassionately attentive to those who were under sentence of death, endeavouring to prepare them for this solemn event, and was sometimes gratified by receiving their thanks when a pardon had saved them from being sent, prematurely, to their account.

‘The death of his father, A. D. 1777, in a remote part of the continent, to which business had led him, now cast upon Mr. Dwight the care of a numerous family, of brothers and sisters, (of whom he was the eldest) for whose *immediate* support and education, and *ultimate* establishment in life, it was incumbent on him chiefly to provide. His connexion with the army was, therefore, dissolved, and, during the four or five succeeding years, he was most laboriously employed, at Northampton, in the discharge of the highest filial and fraternal duties, while a commencing family of his own, also, demanded his care.

‘Some superior minds seem capable of excelling, in almost any pursuit, depending upon intellectual vigour, and, the particular direction which they actually receive, appears often to arise from intrinsic circumstances.

‘During the residence of Mr. Dwight

at Northampton, his talents were called into action in the sphere of political life. In the year 1782, he served the citizens of that town, as their representative, in the General Court of the Commonwealth, convened in Boston.

‘The situation of the country, being very critical, two long sessions were held, in which Mr. Dwight gained great influence, as a member, and much reputation as a public speaker. He was solicited, by men of eminence, to allow himself to be named as a candidate for a seat in Congress, then in the gift of the Massachusetts Legislature, and it seems evident, that had providence allotted him a station in the political world, he would have risen to the highest usefulness and distinction.

‘He had, originally, studied the law, with the intention of making it his profession, and, had he been actuated by the love of money, or by political ambition, his way would probably have been clear, to the gratification of the one, and the attainment of the other.

‘During his short connexion with political life, he repeatedly exerted his influence in the county meetings of Hampshire, in favour of law and order, then threatened with subversion; and he was eminently instrumental, and that against no small weight of character and effort, in procuring the adoption of the new constitution of Massachusetts.

‘Both his inclination and his views of duty led him to the pulpit; about this time he declined offers of settlement, both at Beverly and at Charlestown.

‘Towards the close of the year 1783, he accepted an invitation from the people of Greenfield, in this State, to become their minister, and was established there accordingly. During nearly thirteen years, that he remained there, he enjoyed great celebrity, as a preacher, as an instructor of youth, and as an individual.

‘It was, during his residence at Greenfield, in the year 1785, that he gave his Conquest of Canaan to the

world. It was finished, and was to have been published about the commencement of the American revolution. A list of more than three thousand subscribers—(a subscription almost unparalleled in this country for any book, and especially at that period) evinces in what estimation the author was held.—The dangers of the country soon became, however, so imminent, that fear and patriotism absorbed every other sentiment; and the promised work was kept back till the struggle was past.

'The Conquest of Canaan was the first regular poem of magnitude which was written in this country, and exhibits the most indubitable proofs of a vigorous mind,—a rich and sublime imagination, and a pure and virtuous moral taste. Darwin pronounced it to contain fine versification—Cowper perused it with pleasure, and the British Critic bestowed upon it an honourable praise. A fair copy, fully written out, in the beautiful hand for which the author was, in early life, distinguished, is still in possession of his family, and will, doubtless, be preserved for the inspection of posterity.

'It does not come within the design of these remarks, to specify every production of a mind so remarkable for activity, fertility, and vigour; this may, hereafter, become the province of the professed biographer.

'The last work of magnitude to which Greenfield Hill gave birth, is the poem, or collection of poems, bearing its name.

'Both Greenfield Hill and the Conquest of Canaan, were republished in England in a handsome style.

'The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the subject of these observations, A. D. 1787, by the college of Nassau-Hall, at Princeton, as that of Doctor of Laws was, in 1810, by Harvard University.

'Not long before Dr. Dwight left Greenfield, he declined an advantageous proposal to remove to Albany.

'Dr. Dwight had now arrived at the forty-third year of his age. In the meridian of life—mature in experience and in reputation; long practised in the difficult task of instructing and governing youth; familiar with the courses of academic learning, and imbued with the principles of most branches of human knowledge;—also possessing powers of communication, almost unrivalled, and his whole character surrounded with great dignity and splendour, the public voice with unprecedented unanimity, designated to him to fill the presidential chair, in this seminary, which, in May 1795, was vacated, by the death of the learned and venerable Dr. Stiles.

'The Corporation, at an early meeting after this event, elected him president; and he commenced the next collegiate year in the discharge of the duties of his high office.

'We are now to contemplate him in a new and most interesting situation.—It seemed as if all the dispensations of providence towards him had been adapted to qualify him for the station in which, with the most distinguished reputation and usefulness, he was to pass the remainder of his days.

'The public have been little aware of the extent and diversity of the labours of President Dwight, in this Institution. He has, in fact, discharged the duties of four offices, either of which is, ordinarily, considered as sufficient to engross the time and talents of one man.

'His system of sermons, upon the composition of which he bestowed the most anxious care, and the completion of which he had very much at heart, is comprised in one hundred and seventy-three discourses, completely written out, and ready for the press. Providence permitted him to achieve this great labour, and to put the last finishing hand to it not long before his death.

'His ardent wish and endeavour was, to narrow the grounds of distinction be-

tween different classes of Christians, thought *nothing adequately* done, till and to unite them all in the great work *all* was done that the case admitted of doing good to man, rendering honour of. to God, and seeking eternal life.

‘It would be superfluous to enter into a consideration of his system of sermons;—multitudes, both members of this institution, and others, have heard them, more or less extensively, and, as they are left in a finished state, and will, we hope, not be long withheld from the public, they will still speak for themselves.

‘In the period immediately preceding the presidency of Dr. Dwight, the college church among the students was almost extinct; it came, at last, to consist of only two members, and soon after his accession it dwindled to a single person. But, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, it has, generally, embraced one fourth,—sometimes one third of the students. During the whole of his presidency it appears that there were admitted to full communion, including those recommended from other churches, about two hundred persons.

‘The churches of this part of our land are extensively indebted to him, for an able revision of Dr. Watts’ Psalms, and for a select collection of Hymns, both executed at the request of the highest authority of the congregational and presbyterian churches. No man in this country was so well qualified for this delicate task, and it will be a lasting memorial of his talents, taste, and piety.

‘Notwithstanding the indubitable marks of superiority, and the natural dignity which surrounded him; no man ever made the humble, the timid, the poor, and the broken-hearted, realize more fully than he did, that they had found a friend.

‘As an instructor, in academic literature, we can never hope to see him surpassed; it will be well indeed if he be ever equalled.

‘It was never any part of his plan *merely* to discharge his duty:—he did it with his whole mind and heart, and

‘As a Governor of the College, the success of President Dwight has not been less remarkable than his usefulness as an instructor. In commending his system of discipline and government, no censure is intended to be implied, with respect to the course which had been pursued by his immediate predecessors. It is but just, however, to say, that the experience of more than twenty-one years has proved, that a great seminary may be governed upon the same principles as a private family; and although the parallelism may not hold, in every particular and every degree, it is ascertained, on the most abundant experience, that, in all common cases, it is complete.

‘This was the great secret of President Dwight’s government; it was a sway of influence rather than of coercion.

‘During the administration of President Dwight, public disgraceful punishments have been few—reformations have been numerous, and no instance has occurred, of a general opposition to lawful authority.

‘Under his auspices, the number of the academical instructors was doubled; besides the entire addition of the Medical Faculty.

‘He had spent, in different capacities, half his life in this College, and twenty-seven of his best years had been most laboriously employed in its service.

‘President Dwight, in the course of his life, had directed, in a greater or less degree, the education of more than two thousand youth.

‘He employed most of his vacations for eighteen or twenty years, in travelling over the New-England States, and the State of New-York, in very many directions, for the purpose of giving an account of the country in every important point in which it would be interesting to an enlightened mind, and es-

pecially to posterity. Every where, as he travelled, he came into contact with the most intelligent portion of society, and numerous sources of information were thus opened to him, which are, in a great degree, inaccessible to common travellers.

‘One of his principal objects was, to exhibit the leading features of the state of society existing in New-England, which was, in his opinion, under providence, the source of all its peculiar blessings, and to correct the misrepresentations of European travellers, which he considered as being, with few exceptions, very gross.

‘He was intimately acquainted with the early history of his country, and he took great pains to preserve interesting biographical and other historical accounts, from passing into oblivion.

‘In amassing the materials for this work, he travelled more than 12,000 miles, principally on horseback. As it is fully written out, and ready for the press, we hope it will soon be given to the world.

‘President Dwight’s powers of conversation are well known: thousands in his country, and not a few from other countries, have derived delight and instruction from his lips.

‘His mind was so well furnished, on almost every topic, that, as Cicero says of the poet Archias, whatever he discoursed on, he seemed to have made it his peculiar study. He adapted his conversation, with great facility, to every description of persons. The learned and the ignorant—the aged and the young—the serious and the gay—the polished and the unrefined—the child and the adult were alike edified and pleased.

‘—He is gone from this sublunary scene, and the voice of praise or of censure can do him neither good nor harm. But we can never forget his commanding dignified person, on which, till disease began its ravages, there were scarcely to be found the usual

traces of age;—his fine countenance strongly marked with the lines of intellect and thought;—grave and collected in meditation and devotion, but in private, beaming with kindness and benevolence;—his clear melodious voice easily filling the largest house, but gentle and agreeable at the fire-side—and his manners superior courtly, and adapted to the most finished ceremonial of good breeding, but attentive, gentle, and affectionate, especially to the humble, the young, and the timid; and always marked by the most scrupulous moral delicacy.

‘It is rare that a man so great and splendid in the public eye, is, in private, so desirable: for, to his particular friends, his society was *delightful*, and the only effects of long and intimate acquaintance with him was to exalt towards him every sentiment of respect, admiration, and affection.

‘He was the principal founder of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was, annually, elected its president during his life.

‘President Dwight was, eminently, a benevolent man. He was the common friend of those in distress. He was largely consulted in cases of ecclesiastical, personal, and other difficulties, and freely gave his time, his advice, and his influence, as a peace-maker.

‘As a relative, it could not be doubted that he who, in early life, had devoted himself with such disinterestedness, to the support of his father’s bereaved family, would, in his own case, exhibit a bright example of conjugal and parental excellence.

‘In estimating the merit of President Dwight’s acquisitions, it must not be forgotten, that his literary ardour led him, when a young man, to so excessive a use of his eyes, *by candle light*, both in late and early study, that, from the age of twenty-two, his eyes became so weak, that most of his acquirements in after life were made through the aid of others;—he could rarely read a book himself, except in the most tran-

sient manner, and his own thoughts were conveyed to paper chiefly through an amanuensis.—He dictated perfect sentences, even in his family circle, often joining in conversation, on other topics, while the sentences were written down, and rarely wished any other aid in preserving the connexion than the repetition of the last word. He has been known to dictate to two persons at a time.

‘Through forty years, embracing nearly all the maturity of his life, he struggled with this difficulty. It is believed that few instances can be pointed out of acquisitions so numerous and extensive, made under such embarrassments.

‘His literary enterprise and his characteristic energy did not diminish with the increase of years. In the latter part of his life, he projected various works in theology and in literature, and, among other things, often conversed with his literary friends on the plan of a periodical work, whose object should be, to elevate the moral and literary taste of our country, to improve its manners, and, in various ways, to produce a salutary influence. So late as December 1815, but thirteen months before his death, although he had been more than a year labouring under his last malady, a considerable mitigation of his symptoms revived his interest in this project, and he offered to write half the original matter, rather than that the thing should fail. Even within four weeks of his death, he actually wrote six numbers of an original periodical paper, by way of experiment, to ascertain whether he could write two in a week without injuring his health.—Finding, as he imagined, that he could, he proposed to continue it under the title of *The Friend*—a title under which he wrote, thirty years ago, in a literary newspaper in this town.

‘The industry—the zeal—the perseverance of President Dwight, have rarely been more conspicuous than during the present winter, through most

of which, to the day of his death, he has been confined to his house, and almost to his chair. Although often suffering excruciating pain, with privation in a considerable degree of food, sleep, and ease, his mind has seemed almost to triumph over the decays of his body, and he has, with little interruption, employed his amanuensis upon various subjects, but more especially upon a work which he had much at heart, upon the proofs of the divine origin of the scriptures, as derived from the writings of St. Paul. The manuscript embraces also other important topics.

‘This work, forming a volume of three or four hundred pages, he completed but three days before his decease, and but the very evening before the attack on his brain, which proved the immediate prelude to his death, and incapacitated him for farther labour. This attack took place on Wednesday morning; and on Tuesday afternoon, at twilight, he with his own hand stitched the cover upon this manuscript, and upon an original poem of 1500 lines,* which also he had just completed. Although it was almost dark, he declined having a candle, and said he believed he could finish. He did so, and added *emphatically*;—although it is not supposed with any presentiment how prophetic his words would prove—“*there, I have done.*”

‘He had indeed done, for, except signing an official paper relating to the College, this was the last work which his Maker had for him to do; it is remarkable that he was permitted to finish his important manuscripts, even to their envelopes.

‘Examination after death ascertained that his disease was an internal cancer,† and that his life was cut short merely by the effect of long continued suffering, not in producing general disease, for, except his local affection, his system

* It is entitled *The Trial*, and is a contest between *genius* and *common sense*, in which *truth* acts as *umpire*.

† A cancer around the neck of the bladder.

was perfectly sound, and might have endured to extreme old age; but he was destroyed by the effect of mere pain and that often agonizing, eventually overturning his nervous system.

‘Upon rising from bed upon the morning of Wednesday, the 8th of January, after a more comfortable night than common, he was seized with a violent nervous agitation—succeeded by a fever—a fulness of the blood vessels of the head, and a degree of stupor, which proved to be the final triumph of his terrible internal enemy. For two days, although he declined taking to his bed, he seemed indisposed to speak, but always uttered himself with propriety when he attempted it;—he prayed with his family on Thursday night; but, from the extremity of his distress, was obliged to desist before he had finished.

‘On Friday he was, in a degree, relieved from the stupor; but the manner in which his disease affected his brain, evidently veiled from him, in a considerable degree, the apprehension of his danger.—He perfectly knew every friend who came in, and observed all that was passing; but his respiration had become very laborious, and grew more and more so till his death: although he frequently spoke, his sentences were so interrupted, that their connexion could not always be traced at the moment, and they were sometimes thought to be incoherent, when circumstances afterwards showed, that there was a real connexion in his own mind.—He often uttered himself with perfect clearness for a time upon a particular subject, and then his mind would appear somewhat wandering. But the entrance of a friend—a question put, or any such mental stimulus, would immediately bring him back, and he would speak with his characteristic elegance and fulness, and with his own peculiar turns of expression. His politeness, his affability, his gratitude for favours done, were all conspicuous to the last. At

his own request, the 8th chapter of Romans was read to him a few hours before his death;—on hearing the conclusion, he said; O what a glorious apostrophe!

‘The character and writings of St. Paul, it is well known, had always been with him a favourite subject of examination and of eulogium. The hearing of this chapter seemed to bring back all his former associations of ideas; he remarked on an error in the translation—and on the views of Clarke and Waterland, and other writers, and seemed to have his mind completely withdrawn from his sufferings.

‘At his own request, as before, the 17th chapter of John, and afterwards the 14th, 15th, and 16th, were read to him; he listened attentively, and remarked to a considerable extent upon the contents of the chapters.

‘He continued the conversation with a friend who came, and entered with apparent interest into the subject of some recent travels up the Euphrates, especially as they related to the scite of ancient Babylon, the traditionary accounts of the tomb of Daniel, and other subjects connected with sacred writ: the same interest was exhibited in the subject of the translation and diffusion of the scriptures, and especially the translation of the scriptures into the Chinese language—a beautiful copy of which work, as far as executed, he had a few days before received from Serampore, and directly from Mr. Marshman himself.

‘When that verse of the 23d Psalm, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me”—was recited to him by a friend, and a hope expressed that he could appropriate it to himself,—he said, *I hope I can.*

‘Still, the subject of his impending death, although frequently mentioned to him, appeared to make no lasting

impression on his mind; he assented in the usual language of prayer, were to his danger, but the perception of it distinctly heard. seemed immediately to pass from his view. 'Excepting a laborious respiration, our departed friend was mercifully relieved from any struggle of nature with the king of terrors. He expired without the movement of a limb or the raised, and some expressions, couched distortion of a feature.'

ART. 6. *An authentic Narrative of the loss of the American brig Commerce, wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815, with the account of the sufferings of her surviving crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the great African Desert, or Zahahrah; and observations Historical, Geographical, &c. made during the travels of the Author, while a slave to the Arabs, and in the Empire of Morocco.* By James Riley, late master and supercargo. Published by T. Longworth, 114 Broadway.

THIS is an interesting volume. It is the genuine journal of an American seaman; and as such, is entitled to credit in every respect. It contains, besides an entertaining history of the author's extraordinary adventures and sufferings, a curious and instructive account of the manners of the untameable Arabs, the rovers of the 'Great Desert.' The following sketch of this 'Narrative' is intended for such of our readers as have not had an opportunity of perusing the work.

On the 23d of August, 1815, Captain Riley sailed from Gibraltar in the brig Commerce, as master, on his return voyage to New Orleans, with a crew consisting of nine men and a boy. Intending to pass near the Cape de Verd islands, he appears to have been carried by a current (the nature of which he afterwards undertakes to explain) farther to the south than he was aware of; and whilst endeavouring to alter his course, in the midst of fog and darkness, his vessel struck on a sand bank near the shore, and very soon became a mere wreck. With great difficulty they all reached the land; but on the next day a number of furious Arabs attacked and plundered them; and after killing one of the crew, compelled the rest to seek refuge, from their violence, on board the wreck. Finding it impossible to remain long in this situation, and apprehending every hour that they should fall into the hands of the barbarians, Captain Riley and his companions resolved, in this cruel exigency, considering it their only chance of preservation, to put to sea in their shattered boat, in the hope of throwing themselves in the way of some friendly vessel that might happen to be near. In this hope, however, they were miserably disappointed; and after buffeting the waves for several days, in the greatest distress, they dropped their oars in despair, and resigned themselves to the mercy of the elements. In a short time the same inhospitable and cheerless coast again presented itself to their desponding view, and they were soon cast upon the shore by an overwhelming surf, and left in a condition the most destitute and forlorn that can be imagined. Perishing with hunger and thirst, they with difficulty succeeded in

clambering up the cliffs that bounded the coast, in the faint expectation of meeting with something to mitigate their misery; when, to their utter dismay, they found themselves on the Atlantic border of the barren and dreary desert of Zaharah:—

“A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky.”

‘Though I had previously prepared all their minds (says our author) for a barren prospect, yet the sight of it, when they reached its level, had such an effect on their senses, that they sank to the earth involuntarily; and as they surveyed the dry and dreary waste, stretching out to an immeasurable extent before them, they exclaimed, “’tis enough; here we must breathe our last; nothing can live here.” The little moisture yet left in us overflowed at our eyes, but as the salt tears rolled down our wo-worn and haggard cheeks, we were fain to catch them with our fingers and carry them to our mouths, that they might not be lost, and serve to moisten our tongues, that were now nearly as dry as parched leather, and so stiff, that with difficulty we could articulate a sentence so as to be understood by each other.’

In this extremity of distress, one of the men, towards evening, perceived a light on the beach before them, and upon approaching it, a band of Arabs, with their women and camels, was discovered encamped near the shore. Although certain of experiencing the most barbarous treatment, and of being reduced to the most cruel slavery by these wild and licentious wanderers of the desert, yet there was no alternative; and they determined that, as soon as daylight appeared, they would throw themselves into the hands of these people, whatever might be the consequence. This was accordingly done;

and although they had anticipated a very severe fate, yet the horrid treatment they received from these merciless savages, together with their dreadful sufferings from thirst, hunger, and the heat of the desert, so far exceeded every measure of misery they had apprehended, that they frequently, in the bitterness of despair, regretted that they had not sunk in the ocean, or resigned their breath on the lonely beach, without any further effort to prolong a wretched existence.

The Arabs, after tearing from them every article of clothing, and fighting like furies among themselves for the possession of their persons, at length settled the conflict by dividing the slaves (for such the prisoners were now to be considered) between the two parties of which the caravan consisted; and having mounted them on their camels, set off on their journey across the Great Desert. The extreme and complicated sufferings of the prisoners, during the devious wanderings of their savage masters, over the scorched and barren plains of Zaharah, are almost incredible; and one is astonished to find human nature capable of enduring such horrid hardships and privations. After being sold and separated from one another, on different occasions, by means of the traffic carried on among the wandering tribes of the desert, as they happened to meet in their route across this trackless waste, Captain Riley, and four of his men, fell into the hand of Sidi Hamet, a humane and generous Arab, who was finally prevailed upon to carry them up to Mogadore, where Captain Riley assured him he had a friend who would pay their ransom.

This assurance was founded merely on the supposition that there was an American consul resident there, and although it proved not to be the case, yet, most providentially for the sufferers, there was indeed a friend there; a stranger, of whom they had never heard, and to whom they also were totally unknown:—a young Englishman of almost unexampled humanity, of the most disinterested benevolence, and whose conduct on this occasion does the highest honour to human nature.

The author's letter, which he was required by his master, on the northern borders of the desert, to write to his imaginary friend in Mogadore, came, most fortunately, into the hands of the English gentleman abovementioned, (Mr. William Willshire,) who immediately paid from his own funds the stipulated ransom, (upwards of a thousand dollars,) and depatched a messenger to the confines of Morocco with refreshments and clothing for the wretched captives, who for two months had been dragged about on the desert, for upwards of a thousand miles, entirely naked, and wasted to the bone with hunger, thirst, and every species of suffering.

After a series of new dangers, difficulties, and sufferings, they at length arrived at Mogadore, where their humane deliverer received them with every expression of generous sympathy, and exerted himself with the greatest zeal to administer to their relief.

Having recovered his health and spirits under the generous care of Mr. Willshire, Captain Riley began to make memoranda in writing of all that had

occurred since his shipwreck, and by means of a capacious and retentive memory, he was enabled to compose a complete journal of all the principal, and to him, at least, most important events of his days of slavery and suffering, together with a description of the country and towns through which he passed, and an account of the manners and character of the inhabitants. These means and materials have enabled him to present to the public a narrative peculiarly interesting and entertaining.

Possessed of a good natural understanding, and of an inquisitive disposition, nothing appears to have escaped his attention and observation; and to those who are aware how little information exists relative to the geography and natural history of the Zaharah, and of the condition, customs, and character of the inhabitants of western and northern Africa, this volume of Captain Riley will undoubtedly be perused with great curiosity and interest. The 'Narrative' is written in a very simple and unadorned style, and ought, perhaps, from that circumstance, to inspire the reader with greater confidence in the truth of the story, than if recourse had been had to those auxiliary means that are sometimes resorted to, from mercenary views, for the purpose of making up a bulky volume from a few materials.

The readers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are apprized of the great interest that has been excited in Great Britain by the narrative of the American sailor, Robert Adams, in relation to the apocryphal city of *Tombuc-* too, and the mysterious course of the

long hidden river *Niger*. Although Capt. Riley, in traversing the desert, was always at a great distance from Tombuctoo, yet Sidi Hamet, the intelligent Arabian merchant, who was so instrumental in effecting his ransom, had made two journeys to that city with a caravan, and related to Capt. Riley at Mogadore, after his liberation, the particulars of them with so much clearness and precision, that he was enabled to take down the relation in writing, and has published it at length in his narrative. His description of Tombuctoo and its vicinage, agrees in some particulars with the account of Adams, but in other respects it differs very materially. Sidi Hamet says,

‘ Tombuctoo is a very large city, five times as great as Mogadore; it is built on a level plain, surrounded on all sides by hills, except on the south, where the plain continues to the bank of the same river we had been to before, which is wide and deep, and runs to the east; for we were obliged to go to it to water our camels, and here we saw many boats made of great trees, some with negroes in them paddling across the river. The city is strongly walled in with stone laid in clay, like the towns and houses in Suse, only a great deal thicker: the house of the king is very large and high, like the largest house in Mogadore, but built of the same materials as the walls: there are a great many more houses in that city built of stone, with shops on one side, where they sell salt and knives, and blue cloth, and haicks, and an abundance of other things, with many gold ornaments. The inhabitants are blacks, and the chief is a very large and gray-headed old black man, who is called *Shegar*, which means sultan, or king. The principal part of the houses are made with large reeds, as thick as a man's arm, and stand upon their ends, and are

covered with small reeds first, and then with the leaves of the date trees: they are round, and the tops come to a point like a heap of stones. Neither the *Shegar* nor his people are Moslems, but there is a town divided off from the principal one, in one corner, by a strong partition wall, and one gate to it, which leads from the main town, like the Jews' town, or Millah in Mogadore: all the Moors or Arabs who have liberty to come into Tombuctoo, are obliged to sleep in that part of it every night, or go out of the city entirely, and no stranger is allowed to enter that Millah without leaving his knife with the gate-keeper; but when he comes out in the morning it is restored to him. The people who live in that part are all Moslem. The negroes, bad Arabs, and Moors, are all mixed together, and marry with each other, as if they were all of one colour: they have no property of consequence, except a few asses: their gate is shut and fastened every night at dark, and very strongly guarded both in the night and in the day-time. The *Shegar* or king is always guarded by one hundred men on mules, armed with good guns, and one hundred men on foot, with guns and long knives. He would not go into the Millah, and we only saw him four or five times in the two moons we stayed at Tombuctoo, waiting for the caravan: but it had perished on the desert—neither did the yearly caravan from Tunis and Tripoli arrive, for it had also been destroyed. The city of Tombuctoo is very rich as well as very large; it has four gates to it; all of them are opened in the day-time, but very strongly guarded and shut at night. Tombuctoo carries on a great trade with all the caravans that come from Morocco and the shores of the Mediterranean sea. From Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, &c. are brought all kinds of cloths, iron, salt, muskets, powder, and lead, swords or scimitars, tobacco, opium, spices, and perfumes, amber beads, and other trinkets, with a few other articles; they

carry back in return elephants' teeth, gold dust, and wrought gold, gum senegal, ostrich feathers, very curiously worked turbans, and slaves; a great many of the latter, and many other articles of less importance: the slaves are brought in from the south-west, all strongly ironed, and are sold very cheap; so that a good stout man may be bought for a haick, which costs in the empire of Morocco about two dollars. The caravans stop and encamp about two miles from the city in a deep valley, and the negroes do not molest them: they bring their merchandise near the walls of the city, where the inhabitants purchase all their goods in exchange for the above-mentioned articles; not more than fifty men from any one caravan being allowed to enter the city at a time, and they must go out before others are permitted to enter. This city also carries on a great trade with Wassanah, (a city far to the south-east) in all the articles that are brought to it by caravans, and get returns in slaves, elephants' teeth, gold, &c. The principal male inhabitants are clothed with blue cloth shirts, that reach from their shoulders down to their knees, and are very wide, and girt about their loins with a red and brown cotton sash or girdle: they also hang about their bodies pieces of different coloured cloth and silk handkerchiefs; the king is dressed in a white robe of a similar fashion, but covered with white and yellow gold and silver plates, that glitter in the sun;—he also has many other shining ornaments of shells and stones hanging about him, and wears a pair of breeches like the Moors and Barbary Jews, and has a kind of white turban on his head, pointing up, and strung with different kinds of ornaments; his feet are covered with red Morocco shoes: he has no other weapon about him than a large white staff or sceptre, with a golden lion on the head of it, which he carries in his hand: his whole countenance is mild, and he seems to govern his subjects more like a father than a

king. The whole of his officers and guards wear breeches that are generally dyed red, but sometimes they are white or blue: all but the king go bareheaded. The poor people have only a single piece of blue or other cloth about them, and the slaves a breech cloth. The inhabitants in Tombuctoo are very numerous; I think six times as many as in Mogadore, besides the Arabs and other Moslemin or Mahomedans, in their Millah, or separate town; which must contain nearly as many people as there are altogether in Swearah.

Sidi Hamet then related a journey he had made from Tombuctoo to a much greater city, several hundred miles to the south, named *Wassanah*. The place he represents as carrying on a great trade with the white people on the sea coast; and as the river on which it stands appears, from his description, to be the same which he saw, and occasionally approached, shortly after leaving Tombuctoo, Capt. Riley is led to venture an opinion on this most problematical subject; which, if future discoveries shall prove it to be correct, will be one of the most curious coincidences in the whole history of African geography.

'This narrative I, for my own part, consider strictly true and correct, as far as the memory and judgment of *Sidi Hamet* were concerned, whose veracity and intelligence I had before tested: he had not the least inducement held out to him for giving this account, further than my own and Mr. Willshire's curiosity; and his description of Tombuctoo agrees in substance with that given by several Moors, (Fez merchants) who came to Mr. Willshire's house to buy goods while Sidi Hamet was there, and who said they had known him in Tombuctoo several years ago. From these considerations combined, and after examining the best

maps extant, I conclude that I have strong grounds on which to found the following geographical opinions, viz.

1st, That the great Desart is much higher land on its southern side (as I had proved it to be on the north by my own observations) than the surrounding country, and consequently that its whole surface is much higher than the land near it that is susceptible of cultivation. 2dly, That the river which Sidi Hamet and his companions came to within fourteen days ride, and west of Tombuctoo, called by the Arabs *el Wod Tenji*, and by the negroes, *Gozen-Zair*, takes its rise in the mountains south of, and bordering on, the great Desart, being probably the northern branch of that extensive ridge in which Senegal, Gambia, and Niger rivers, have their sources; and that this river is a branch of the Niger, which runs eastwardly for several hundred miles to Tombuctoo, near which city, many branches, uniting in one great stream, it takes the name of *Zolibib*, and continues to run nearly east, about two hundred and fifty miles from Tombuctoo; when meeting with high land, it is turned more south-eastwardly, and running in that direction in a winding course, about five hundred miles, it has met with some obstructions, through which it has forced its way, and formed a considerable fall: for Sidi Hamet having spent six days in passing the mountains, came again near the river, which was then filled with broken rocks, and the water was foaming and roaring among them, as he observed, "most dreadfully." This must be a fall or rapid. 3dly, That from these falls, it runs first to the south-eastward, and then more to the south, till it reaches Wassanah, about six hundred miles, where it is by some called *Zolibib*, and by others *Zadi*. 4thly, That as the inhabitants of Wassanah say they go first to the southward, and then to the westward, in boats to the great water; this I conceive must be the Atlantic Ocean, where they have seen pale men and great boats, &c. These I should naturally conclude were Europeans, with vessels; and that it takes three moons to get there, (about eighty-five days) at the rate of thirty miles a day, which is the least we can give them with so strong a current; it makes a distance from hence to the sea of about two thousand five hundred miles: in computing this distance, one-third or more should be allowed for its windings, so that the whole length of the river is above four thousand miles, and is probably the longest and largest on the African continent. 5thly, That the waters of this river in their passage towards the east, have been obstructed in their course by high mountains in the central regions of this unexplored continent, and turned southwardly; that they are borne along to the southward, between the ridges of mountains that are known to extend all along the western coast, from Senegal to the gulf of Guinea, and to round with that gulf to the south of the equator: that they are continually narrowed in and straitened by that immense ridge in which the great river Nile is known to have its sources; and which mountains lie in the equatorial region: that this central river receives, in its lengthened course, all the streams that water and fertilize the whole country, between the two before-mentioned ridges of mountains: the waters thus accumulated and pent up, at length broke over their western and most feeble barrier, tore it down to its base, and thence found and forced their way to the Atlantic Ocean, forming what is now known as the river Congo. In corroboration of this opinion, some men of my acquaintance, who have visited the Congo, and traded all along the coast between it and the Senegal, affirm, that the Congo discharges more water into the Atlantic, taking the whole year together, than all the streams to the northward of it, between its mouth and Cape de Verd.'

ART. 7. *Memoirs of my own Times*: by General James Wilkinson. 8vo. 3 vols. Philadelphia. Abraham Small, Printer.

THIS is, unquestionably, a work of great magnitude,—and of some importance. But its plan is so desultory and its contents are so anomalous, that we hardly know how to attempt a delineation of the one, or a classification of the other. So much of the work, indeed, is made up of controversy, which, though of a personal nature, has a political bearing, that we are almost precluded, by the restrictions which we have imposed upon ourselves, from entering into a consideration of its merits. We do not mean to violate the pledge we have given, by taking any side in the General's quarrels, or pretending to pronounce upon the relative deserts of the parties. We may be permitted, however, to say that there is an acrimony in his resentments, and a coarseness in his invective, that no provocation can justify. He who appeals to the public, owes some respect to the tribunal to which he prefers his complaints, however little of that sentiment he may entertain for his adversaries. Violence is generally resorted to in the dearth of argument, and brings suspicion on the best cause. A degree of indignity is inseparable from innocence; and consciousness of truth disdains asseveration.

Memoirs are a very popular species of writing; and happily suited to General Wilkinson's propensities. It is the most inoffensive mode of gratifying garrulity, since it is at the option of every one whether he will be a listener, or not. But egotism in any shape should be administered in moderation. There is quite too much of it in the General's Book. The second and third volumes of his *Memoirs* are filled with the details of his persecutions, with the proceedings of courts of Inquiry and courts Martial, and with the multifarious evidence requisite to the vindication of his patriotism, valour, and capacity. Yet these recitals are plentifully interspersed with *reflections*, not merely on events, but on characters. It is obvious that this part of his book offers little allurements to the general reader—though by the statesman and soldier, it will neither be read with indifference, nor lightly prized.

The first volume is more attractive, and will always be perused with interest, by readers of every description. About half of it is occupied in describing those scenes and occurrences of the revolutionary war with which our author was connected: this portion of the work comprises much valuable information. General Wilkinson's official situation and the opportunities incident to it, have put it in his power to elucidate many transactions that had been either misunderstood or misrepresented. He has furnished us, too, with many anecdotes of his distinguished contemporaries, tending to illustrate their characters, and the circumstances of the times. He has taken pains to introduce us into the very centre of the camp, and to bring us acquainted with its bustle, its confusion, and its distresses. He does not disguise the object which has induced him to paint in such sombre shades the sad realities of war. He

avows his wish to check the mistaken ardour of his countrymen in the pursuit of the phantom of military glory. He justly ridicules the rodomontade with which we have celebrated the most trivial successes, and deprecates the subserviency with which sturdy republicans can bow to a victorious chief, however indebted to fortune for his triumphs. He sees in this fondness for military fame, this disposition to magnify military achievements, and this alacrity to fawn upon military heroes, a pregnant source of calamity to our country, and of danger to our most valued institutions. General Wilkinson is not singular in his apprehensions in this regard. We have heard that a gentleman who has occupied the highest station in our government, and whose interest in its welfare has not ceased with his administration of its affairs, has intimated an intention, at some period, to raise his warning voice against so alarming a predilection.

As a faithful picture of a battle ground, where 'grim-visaged war' is rioting in recent desolation, we take the following extract from General Wilkinson's account of the action between the armies of General Gates and General Burgoyne, on the 7th of October, 1777.

'The ground which had been occupied by the British grenadiers presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards lay eighteen grenadiers in the agonies of death, and three officers propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding, and almost speechless; what a spectacle for one whose bosom glowed with philanthropy, and how vehement the

impulse, which can excite men of sensibility to seek such scenes of barbarism! I found the courageous Colonel Cilley a straddle on a brass twelve-pounder, and exulting in the capture—whilst a surgeon, a man of great worth, who was dressing one of the officers, raising his blood-besmeared hands in a frenzy of patriotism, exclaimed, Wilkinson, I have dipt my hands in British blood. He received a sharp rebuke for his brutality, and with the troops I pursued the hard pressed flying enemy, passing over killed and wounded, until I heard one exclaim, "protect me, Sir, against this boy." Turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, "I had the honour to command the grenadiers;" of course, I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place, on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was here deposited, to save the lives of both. I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded; "not badly," replied this gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, "but very inconveniently, I am shot through both legs; will you, Sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?" I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his seat, and ordered him to be conducted to head-quarters.'

The painting of the Baroness Reidesel is not less vivid, when she describes the dreadful scenes she was compelled to witness in the British camp. We have never seen the narrative of the Baroness, of which General Wilkinson has presented us with some spirited translations. We are sorry that we have not room for the extracts of this journal of the Baroness, with which

the General has favoured us, and which are replete with interest.

The following anecdotes exhibit two illustrious men who have long been alike the objects of veneration, in a view equally honourable to both.

‘During my intercourse with General Hamilton at New-York, in 1799, our official engagements produced frequent references to the opinion of General Washington, and I embraced the occasion, to obtain a more distinct view of the private character of that great man than our military relations had permitted.

‘There may be many living witnesses of the fact, that Sir Henry Clinton, whilst he commanded in New-York, occupied the house of Captain Kennedy, of the British navy, near the battery; and that there were no buildings at that time between it and the river. In these quarters the chief reposed in security with the ordinary ground in front, relying on naval protection for safety in his rear. General Washington had by his spies ascertained precisely the approaches, not only to Sir Henry’s quarters, but to his bed-chamber, and the enterprise appeared so feasible, that he determined to carry him off. The arrangements were made for light whale boats with muffled oars, and 150 Marblehead seamen, properly commanded; every thing being ready, the detachment waited for the approach of night; in the interval Colonel Hamilton took occasion to observe to the General, that “there could be little doubt of the success of the enterprise, but,” said he, “have you examined the consequences of it?” The General inquired “in what respect?” “Why,” replied Hamilton, “it has occurred to me that we shall rather lose than gain by removing Sir Henry Clinton from the command of the British army, because we perfectly understand his character, and by taking him off we only make way for some

other, perhaps an abler officer, whose character and dispositions we may have to learn.” The General acknowledged these reflections had not occurred to him, but with noble frankness admitted their force, thanked Colonel Hamilton for his suggestion, and the expedition was abandoned. I had heard of this incident, and making inquiry of General Hamilton relative to the fact, he gave me the preceding details.

‘On other occasions, when in conversation respecting this great man, General Hamilton observed, that it was difficult to decide, whether General Washington was greater in the field or in the cabinet; he said the world had very naturally decided in favour of his military capacity, but from the sum of his observations, he considered him at least equally sound as a statesman; for whatever might have been the jealousies or the insinuations of party, it was no humiliation to him to acknowledge, that he had in council frequently differed in opinion with President Washington, and that events had generally proved that he was wrong, and the President right. But he dwelt on a specific trait in General Washington’s character, which it were devoutly to be wished his successors could imitate; this was, that “*in all appointments to office, wherein he was especially called to exercise his own judgment, he nobly divested himself of sympathy or antipathy, and made what he considered the fitness of the agent to the office the ground of his choice;*” as an evidence of the fact, he mentioned, that “*Colonel Pickering, at the time he was appointed Postmaster-general, was no favourite of President Washington, but that he knew the Colonel to be a man of industry and method, and had confidence in his integrity; and as to myself,*” said he, “*there had been for some time such a standing, or misunderstanding, between us, that I had no more expectation of office than I had of being appointed Pope’s nuncio, when I received the invitation to take charge of the treasury department.*” That a coolness had taken place between the Com-

* As well as I recollect, Col. Humphreys, of Connecticut, an aid-de-camp to the General, was selected for this service.

mander in Chief and Colonel Hamilton, towards the close of the war, and that the Colonel had left his family, was notorious, but there were very few persons acquainted with the cause, which I shall now submit to my readers, as correctly as memory will serve me, and should I commit an error, will refer to General St. Clair for correction, who is the only man living, within my knowledge, acquainted with the facts.

'The army was encamped at New-Jersey at some point east of the Rariton, and perhaps at Perackness. The General was just mounting his horse, to visit his advanced post, when he recollected a letter he had recently received from the British commander, which it occurred to him he might have occasion for whilst at the lines; he called Colonel Hamilton, and requested him "to hand the letter to him." The Colonel returned to the office, but not being able to place his hand on it; reported, that "it was mislaid." The General replied, "I must have it." Search was again made, without effect, and Colonel Hamilton returning, repeated that the letter had been mislaid, and expressed his sorrow at not being "*able to find it*." The General rejoined with warmth, "Sir, you shall find it." Hamilton was astonished, but replied promptly, "I shall find it, Sir, but *must* let you know, that in addressing me, you do not speak to a menial." The occasion was honourable to the parties; it was the quarrel of Sully and Henry; it furnished General Washington an occasion for the display of his magnanimity, and Colonel Hamilton an opportunity to assert his personal dignity and independence of mind. Colonel Hamilton retired from Head Quarters, but was appointed to the command of a battalion in the elite corps, at the head of which he stormed a redoubt during the siege of York before the surrender of Cornwallis.

'It would be presumptuous for me to attempt the eulogy of a man who has deservedly attracted the attention and

respect of the world; my humble suffrage could add nothing to the fame of General Washington, after he has merited the plaudits of mankind, by the rare example of a military chief, who, having led the armies of his country, to the establishment of her independence, peaceably, and proudly laid down his arms, and sought his reward in the bosom of his fellow citizens. But I will gratify the reader with a *fac simile* of the heads of General Washington's first *official* letter, dated at Cambridge, July 10th, 1775, to the President of Congress, which will perpetuate the character of his manuscript, and record the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, in all the variety of military details, a subject little understood in this country at that period, and of which his own opportunities for correct information had been superficial. The comprehension and correctness of his military views, under those circumstances, must excite the admiration of every competent judge, and I do conceive clearly demonstrate, that whatever may have been the force and energy of his mind, when directed to other subjects, military affairs were undoubtedly his *fort*. The letter amplifying the topics comprised in these heads was written by Colonel Joseph Reed, then his Secretary, and afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, the original rough draft of which is in my possession, and the published copy will be found in the first volume of Washington's letters, *Boston Edition*, 1795, page 8.'

A considerable part of the first volume of these memoirs is devoted to tracing military movements in the late war, and detecting the causes of the failure of our early campaigns. A multitude of reasons dissuade us from making any remarks on this division of the work. In truth, from the political animadversions interwoven into the very texture of these memoirs, and

from which to most readers they will derive no inconsiderable accession of interest, we have been debarred from entering into a minute investigation of their merits. We cannot, however, conclude our brief and cursory notice of this work without recommending it, if due allowance be made for the prejudices under which it was evidently written, as a copious source both of information and amusement. If the first volume were republished, separately, a considerable edition of it might readily be sold.

General Wilkinson's style is bold and fluent, but marred by many grammati-

cal inaccuracies. His materials appear to be complete, and he has abundantly fortified himself with documents. Some of these are equally novel and curious. A part of them were preserved by his own vigilance; but for a considerable proportion of the more important papers relating to the revolutionary war, he is indebted to the New-York Historical Society, who allowed him every facility of access to their valuable collections, although the General, with an ingratitude he would not have failed to condemn in another, has omitted an acknowledgment of this courtesy.

ART. 8. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Account and Proceedings of the New-York Historical Society.

AMONG the literary institutions which do honour to this city, (of all of which we propose, as opportunity will admit, to publish an account,) the Historical Society, especially since the extension of its plan, occupies a distinguished rank. Its utility is sufficiently evinced by the volumes of its collections already given to the world;—in embracing the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms within the range of its researches, we may expect from its investigations results proportionably important to the wider scope indulged to inquiry.

This Society was incorporated in the year 1804. The objects of the association, as defined in the charter, are 'the collection and preservation of whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical history of the United States, and of this State in particular.' To carry into effect these pur-

poses, the Society, on the 11th of March last, resolved to establish lectureships on the various branches of Natural History, and appointed the following gentlemen lecturers:

Saml. L. Mitchill, M. D. on Zoology and Geology.

David Hosack, M. D. on Botany and Vegetable Physiology.

George Gibbs, Esq. on Mineralogy.

Mr. John Griscom, on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

The reports made to the Society by the Committees, to whose consideration these several subjects were referred, are subjoined. They will serve to exhibit the spirit in which the Society propose to prosecute their design, and will, we trust, exhibit a correspondent zeal in the public. The reports are accompanied by circular letters from the Chairmen of the respective Committees, intended to be addressed to gentlemen who might

probably be able to contribute specimens to their cabinets, or facts to their archives.

REPORT ON ZOOLOGY.

Pursuant to a resolve of the Historical Society, at the meeting held in the New-York Institution, on the 11th day of March, 1817, the Committee on Zoology offered a Report concerning the means of promoting that Department of Natural Science.

For carrying into effect the design of the Society, measures ought to be adopted to form a cabinet of Zoology. Some of the leading objects are comprehended in the following summary; from which it will appear, that the collection of facts, specimens, drawings, and books, may be commenced immediately; that all the citizens may be solicited to exert themselves, and that much may be accomplished with very little cost.

From the class of *Polypes*, inhabiting the depths of the ocean, are derived the productions called *Zoophytes* and *Lithophytes*.—Every article belonging to the *Gorgonias* and *Corals*, to the *Madrepores* and *Flustras*, and to each of the kindred families, is worthy of a place in the Museum.

The *Radiary* animals furnish productions no less interesting. In particular, the *Asterias* with its constellation of sea-stars, and the *Echinus* with its brood of sea-urchins, will furnish many species, easy to be gathered, transmitted, and preserved.

So little has hitherto been done in relation to our *Insects*, that almost the whole field of *ENTOMOLOGY* remains to be cultivated. In an effort to form a collection of these numerous swarms, all hands may be employed. There being no particular difficulty either in procuring and preserving these creatures, it may be expected, that in a few years, all the larger animals of this class may be possessed by the Society, and disposed according to the most approved of the modern systems.

The *Crustaceous* class will also furnish specimens, easy to be preserved and transported. From the extensive families of *Crabs*, *Lobsters*, and their congeners, a becoming diligence will gather abundant supplies.

Molluscos animals make important and elegant contributions to Naturalists. Their univalve, bivalve, and multivalve shells, commonly survive their authors. Their arrangement into genera and species, forms the science of *CONCINOLOGY*. It is recommended that early and persevering pains be bestowed upon this subject, and that these beautiful productions be methodized after the most excellent of the plans that have been proposed.

Considering the facility with which *fishes* may be preserved, by drying their half skins

on a board, it is desirable that at least all new species should be brought forward for examination and description. Important additions may thus be made to our *ICHTHYOLOGY*. To a people, who already consider their *FISHERIES* of the utmost importance, both to the States, and to the nation, no additional recommendation is necessary, farther than to ask of our fellow-citizens all manner of communications.

Among the *amphibious* orders, tortoises, frogs, serpents, and lizards, are so easily preserved, that individuals of this kind are solicited from such persons as feel a generous ardour to favour the views of the Society.

Contributions towards the history of the *Mammalia*, may be expected from the fur merchants, furriers, and hunters. Almost every thing known under the titles of *FURS* and *PELTRES*, passes through our city, or is contained within it. By application to the proper sources of intelligence, there is a confident expectation of a rich return of all the matters comprised in their respective provinces. It is not generally understood, what extensive and important knowledge, on these subjects, is in store within a great city, ready to be imparted to those who will seek it.

Anatomy is the basis of improved Zoology. The classification of animals is founded upon their organization. This can be ascertained only by *dissection*. The use of the knife is recommended for the purpose of acquiring acquaintance with the structure of animals. It is proposed, that the members avail themselves of all opportunities to cultivate *COMPARATIVE ANATOMY*, and to communicate the result of their labours and researches to the Society. There is, perhaps, no department of the science more replete with novelty and instruction, and with the means of conferring wide and lasting reputation to those who skilfully engage in it.

To exhibit and perpetuate the researches of the gentlemen who undertake the arduous task of anatomical examination, the accomplishment of *SKETCHING* and *DRAWING* is an indispensable qualification. Beyond the representation of internal appearances, whether healthy or morbid, this art applies to all outward forms that stand in need of delineation. It is recommended to the members to procure plates and pictures of natural objects, and bring them for safe keeping and popular utility, to be placed in the portfolios of the Society.

There would be an inexcusable omission in passing over unnoticed, the *VETERINARY ART* or *PROFESSION*. The diseases of domestic animals are deeply and intimately connected with the property and comfort of man. Every thing that can illustrate or cure the distempers of sheep, neat cattle, horses, swine, dogs, poultry, and of quadrupeds and

birds generally, will be highly acceptable. This valuable branch of knowledge, known by the name of *Epizootic*, deserves more particular cultivation than it has hitherto received among us.

Books on the various branches of Natural History, are eminently desirable. They will constitute the *Library* which the Society intends to form. There can be no doubt that many important volumes, from Aristotle up to Lamarck, might be collected from their scattered sources, if proper pains were taken. It is recommended, that every exertion be made to effectuate this object. Proprietors and authors may frequently be found, willing to be liberal, as soon as they are satisfied that a worthy occasion presents.

Fossils ought to be collected with particular care. The organic remains of vegetables and animals, imbedded in stone, or buried in the other strata of the earth, are frequent in our region. Some of them resemble living species; while others are not known, at present, to be inhabitants of this globe. From the Ocean to the Lakes, they present themselves to the eye of the Geologist. Let them be gathered into one body. Let the Mastodons, Crocodiles, Encrinuruses, Pectinites, Ammonites, Belemnites, and other reliques of the extinct races, be assembled and classed, and then let the philosopher survey the whole, and draw wise and pious conclusions. The city of New-York may be considered as a centre surrounded by wonders of this sort; and the great Lakes, with their tributary streams, exhibit testimonials no less surprising and characteristic.

Zoological research is promoted in several ways by foreign commerce. Living animals are frequently imported; and these, whenever circumstances are favourable, ought to be examined, and if necessary to be described and figured. Cargoes, and even ballast, often contain excellent specimens, both of the animal and fossil kind. Peculiar creatures are known to inhabit the outer bottoms of vessels, where they may be seen before they are disturbed for the purpose of cleaning and repairing. Sometimes too, fishes, not usually visitors of our harbours, follow the track of ships from the Ocean, and offer themselves to the curiosity of the Naturalist. All these sources of knowledge deserve to be carefully explored.

Persons who favour the Society with donations, will be honourably noticed and remembered: their offerings shall be duly registered and labelled. As, from its act of incorporation, it possesses succession and perpetuity, the contributions of public-spirited individuals are exempted from the fate too often incidental to private establishments. They will endure for a great length of years, and descend to future generations.

Remarks on the more elaborate and expensive preparations of Zoology, are reserved for a future report. In the mean time, it is supposed the matters herein suggested, will, for a season, occupy all the industry of the members and their friends.

The Committee, however, cannot close, without an earnest recommendation to the study of MAN. The migrations of human beings from Tartary, Scandinavia, and Polynesia, to the north-western, north-eastern, and south-western regions of America, merit extraordinary attention. There is nothing extravagant in the belief, that colonies, or bands of adventurers, by the way of the Aleutian Islands, the shores of Greenland, and the Pacific Ocean, penetrated our Continent at an early day; and that their descendants settled, by bloodshed and exterminating wars, their respective claims to the country situated south of the middle Lakes, four or five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus.

All which is respectfully submitted.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, *Chairman.*

New-York, 11th March, 1817.

REPORT ON BOTANY AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY,

Read at a Meeting of the Historical Society, held at the New-York Institution, on the 8th day of April, 1817.

THE Committee, to whom these subjects have been referred by the Historical Society, report—

That they have given the necessary directions to have the apartments, assigned them for the branches of Natural History committed to their care, fitted up in such manner as will be best calculated to display to advantage the various vegetable productions which they may be enabled to collect.

That, pursuant to the resolutions passed at the last meeting of the Society, an application has been made to the Governors of the New-York Hospital, soliciting the use of the *Herbarium* in their possession, and to have the same placed in the apartments of the Historical Society, as a basis upon which to erect a similar cabinet in this Institution.

The Committee have great pleasure in acknowledging the promptitude and liberality with which the governors of the Hospital have complied with the request of this Society.

The Committee also, with great satisfaction, observe, that the *Hortus Siccus* referred to, consists of several thousand plants in a very good state of preservation, and well calculated to illustrate both the *generic* and *specific* characters of the plants which it contains. Some of these, too, they perceive, have been preserved and designated by the hands of the illustrious Swede himself, being duplicates

taken from the original collection now in the possession of Sir James Edward Smith, by whom they were presented to the Chairman of this Committee. Others again, were collected and preserved by the late celebrated Professor Vahl, of Copenhagen, and are named by the hand of that 'Prince of Botanists.' Some of his original letters accompany the plants, which he from time to time transmitted. Since his death, his successor, Professor Hornemann, and Mr. Hoffman Bang, of that city, have kindly continued their correspondence and contributions of dried plants.

Another valuable part of this Herbarium, more especially consisting of the *gramineous* and *herbaceous* plants growing in the neighbourhood of London, has been communicated by the late Mr. William Curtis, the author of the *Flora Londinensis*.

Mr. James Dickson, the celebrated British Cryptogamist, has also enriched this collection by a most valuable assemblage of the *Musci*, and some of the other orders of the *Cryptogamous* class.

The collection of the plants of Scotland, made by the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of this city, Doctor Samuel Bard, when a student at the University of Edinburgh, and for which he received the honorary medal conferred by Professor Hope*, constitutes a part of our cabinet.

Many of the plants of this and the neighbouring states, preserved and arranged by Cadwallader Colden, formerly Lieutenant Governor of New-York, have also been recently added by his grandson, Cadwallader D. Colden, Esq. of this city.

Much also has been done in collecting the vegetable products of this island, more particularly those plants which grow in the vicinity of this city. The names of our learned coadjutor, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, the Professor of Natural History, Frederick Pursh, the author of the *North American Flora*, lately published, Mr. Andrew Michaux, the historian of the American woods, Caspar Wistar Eddy, M. D. John Le Conte, Esq. Dr. Rafineau Alire Delile, the learned editor of the *Flora of Egypt*, and who, while finishing his course of education at the Medical School of this city, industriously collected the native plants of our island, frequently appear as the contributors to this collection.

The Committee also take this occasion to observe, that since the purchase made of the Elgin Botanic Garden has become extensively known, many persons distinguished for their knowledge and love of botanical science, have directed their attention to the State of New-York, as taking a decided and pre-

eminent station in the cultivation of this department of Natural History: looking too, to our climate and the advantages of our local situation as peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of this branch of knowledge, they have most liberally sent us large collections of seeds, particularly of such plants as they conceived would be most useful, either as articles employed in the healing art, which enter into the diet of mankind, are cultivated as food for cattle, or are made use of in agriculture, or in the various arts and manufactures which contribute to the comfort of man.

The Committee acknowledge, with great pleasure, the reception of a large collection of seeds from Monsieur Thouin, the Professor of Agriculture and Botany at the *Jardin des Plantes*, of Paris, and another from our learned countryman, Mr. Jefferson, as lately received by him from his European correspondents. Those seeds have all been conveyed to the Botanic Garden, where, in the hands of the present curator, Mr. Andrew Gentle, they will doubtless be cultivated with great care and fidelity.

The Committee cannot conclude this report without earnestly expressing the hope, that the Legislature may extend to this infant establishment a portion of that unexampled munificence and liberality with which they have fostered most of the literary institutions of this State.

A small annual appropriation added to the present proceeds of the Garden, and judiciously expended under the direction of the Historical Society or of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, it is confidently believed would, in a few years, render the Botanic Garden one of the most useful establishments, at the same time that it would prove one of the most distinguished ornaments of our State and country: for, in the language of a late British writer*,—"No region of the earth seems more appropriate to the improvement of botany, by the collecting and cultivating of plants, than that where the Elgin Botanic Garden is seated. Nearly midway between the northern and southern extremities of the vast American continent, and not more than forty degrees to the north of the equator, it commands resources of incalculable extent; and the European botanist will look to it for additions to his catalogue of the highest interest.

"The indigenous botany of America possess most important qualities, and to that we trust the cultivators of this science will particularly turn their attention. It can hardly be considered as an act of the imagination, (so far does what has already been discovered countenance the most sanguine expectations,)

* See *Life of Mr. William Smellie*, by Robert Kerr, F.R.S. Ed. vol. 1. p. 94.

* See the *London Medical and Physical Journal*.

to conjecture, that in the unexplored wilderness of mountain, forest, and marsh, which composes so much of the Western World, lie hidden plants of extraordinary forms and potent qualities.

All which is respectfully submitted,
DAVID HOSACK, *Chairman.*

REPORT ON MINÉRALOGY.

THE Mineralogical Committee of the New-York Historical Society, having by their order prepared an apartment for the purpose of receiving and displaying a collection of the minerals and fossils of the United States, beg leave to communicate to the public the arrangements that have been made, and the further claims of the Society to the patronage of the friends of science.

The progress of the science of mineralogy in the United States has been very satisfactory to its friends in this country, and the labours of American mineralogists have met with great applause in Europe. Several new species, and many varieties of minerals, have been discovered here, and the increasing attention to this science promises many interesting and valuable discoveries. But in a country so vast and so recently settled as the United States, we can hardly expect to find many who have visited, for mineralogical objects, any very large portion of its territory. The researches of most of them have been limited to their own state or the district in which they live. A great number of valuable specimens remain in the hands of persons who, either ignorant of their value, preserve them only for temporary gratification, or, who having no object in making a collection, would be very happy to place them where they would become useful, in a public Institution. To collect these scattered materials of our natural history, to display the riches of the mineral kingdom of each of our states; to inform the scientific traveller and citizen; to encourage the growing taste of this science in our country; to communicate discoveries and invite researches; are objects so useful, so important, that it would be impossible to doubt of the public favour being shown to this undertaking.

The Corporation of the city of New-York having, with characteristic liberality, accommodated the Historical Society with a suite of apartments for this purpose, they have now been fitted up with cases with glass doors, one case being devoted to each state, after the manner adopted in the national collection at the Ecole des Mines at Paris.

The Committee beg leave, therefore, to request donations of minerals and fossils for their collection, from the scientific and patriotic in every part of the Union. They will be received with grateful acknowledgments, and displayed to the best advantage.

They beg leave also to state, that it would be extremely useful to the Society to have the exact localities of the minerals determined, and such further information of the neighbouring country, as the donor can procure.

By order of the Mineralogical Committee,
GEORGE GIBBS, *Chairman.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A SELECTION of Biblical Criticisms on the Books of the Old Testament, Translations from the Sacred Songs, with notes, from the papers of the late Bishop HORSLEY, is preparing for publication.

MR. CHURCHILL is preparing for the press, Corrections and Additions to Rees' Cyclopædia, which will extend to the whole of that voluminous work, and be printed in the same size and type, so as to form a proper and necessary companion to it.

The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, comprising his private and familiar correspondence, now first printed from the original manuscripts bequeathed to his grandson Wm. Temple Franklin, Esq. have been issued from the press.

We understand that a series of letters is preparing for publication, written by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield to Mr. Arthur Stanhope, relative to the education of his son Philip, the late Earl.

Dr. Mason, of New-York, who is now in this country, has published a new work, entitled, A Plea for Catholic Communion, in one vol. 8vo. This has already reached a second edition.

Walter Scott, Esq. has announced a new History of Scotland, from the earliest records to the year 1745, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A new novel may soon be expected from the pen of Mr. Godwin, under the title of Mandeville, a domestic story of the seventeenth century.

A history of the late war in Spain and Portugal, by Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, is preparing, in 2 vols. quarto.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has in the press a new volume of poems.

FRANCE.

Literary and Philosophical Institution.

The *Voyage en Savoie, en Piemont, à Nice et à Genes*, which Mr. Millen, Keeper of the Royal Cabinet of Medals and Antiques, has just published, in 2 vols 8vo. forming the first part of his Tour in Italy, contains many particulars respecting the antiquities of the cities visited by the Author.

GERMANY.

The King of Bavaria has, in a rescript to the academy of sciences, ordered the erection of a new observatory, for which he has,

for the present, assigned the annual sum of 12000 florins.

The catalogue of Easter Fair, at Leipsic, contained upwards of 1700 new works, and 800 translations, works in continuation, and improved editions.

ITALY.

A Venetian engineer has discovered a

means of perfecting the mariner's compass. His discovery has been submitted to the investigation of the Italian Institute, which has approved of the invention.

DENMARK.

A clergyman of Iceland, named Johnston, has recently translated the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, into Icelandic verse.

ART. 9. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.

Rome, Oct. 1.

THE Jesuit Missionaries in China have undergone a serious persecution. Thirty-three Christian converts were put to death, at one time, by cruel tortures. Before this persecution, 60,000 Christians were under the care of this mission.

Nov. 8th. The infant son of the Count de Blacas, French Ambassador at Rome, was baptized on the 16th inst. The Cardinal Gonsalvi, who stood proxy for the Pope, as god-father, after the ceremony, put round the neck of the infant a collar of lapis-lazuli, to which was attached a medal, set in brilliants, and enclosing a relic of the *real cross*.

Father G., a Jesuit, expresses himself as follows, respecting the treasures of art, &c. which have been brought back from Paris to the monastery of St. Peter, at Erfurt:—"Among the relics are many highly valuable, which may be regarded as diamonds of the finest water; as, for example, nine of the skulls of the 11,000 virgins, a piece of a gown of the Virgin Mary, the tuning-hammer belonging to David's harp, and many other similar treasures, in comparison with which the French contributions appear as nothing!"

[We have heard of a devotee who pretended to be possessed of the identical sword that Balaam *wish'd for*, to smite his ass withal. It would have asserted admirably with most of the articles in the above collection.]

RUSSIA.

His Imperial Majesty has sent four persons to London, to make themselves acquainted with the Lancastrian System of Education, with a view to its introduction into Russia. This will of course facilitate the circulation of the Scriptures.

A lady of rank in Russia is about to publish 'An Account of Protestant Missions, with a view to promote Missionary Efforts in the Russian Empire.' In these important designs, she has the able assistance of the Rev. Mr. Pinkerton.

FRANCE.

It has been stated, that there are no less
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than 4000 parishes in France destitute of ministers. The consequences of such a want of religious instruction may be easily conceived.

Baptism of Bells. On — last, the principal bell in the Church of Notre Dame, at Versailles, was baptized according to ancient usage; it received the names of the Duke and Dutchess of Angouleme, who were represented by the Prince de Poix, Governor of the Palace of Versailles, and the Dutchess de Damas.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

Tract Societies on the plan of the Religious Tract Society of London, are extensively organized, not only throughout this Kingdom, but over the Continent of Europe. The same system has, likewise, been adopted with success in the United States of America.

Mr. Morrison writes from China, that having finished the translation of the book of Genesis, which he has sent to England, he is occupied in translating the Psalms. He is also about to print an edition of the New Testament, 8000 copies duodecimo, and 1500 octavo.

The 73d annual conference of the preachers in the connexion of the late Rev. John Wesley, was lately held in London: the following is a recapitulation of the number of members in the Society, and of regular travelling preachers:—

In Great Britain,	191,680
In Ireland,	28,542
In France,	35
At Brussels,	10
At Gibraltar,	63
At Sierra Leone,	129
At the Cape of Good Hope,	42
At Ceylon,	50
In the West Indies,	18,038
Total,	241,319
In America,	
Whites,	167,978
Coloured,	43,187
Total,	452,484

ART. 10. POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

TO SOLITUDE.

ON the dark-brow'd hill, at early dawn,
By sultry day, in woody dell,
At shadowy eve, on the moon-light lawn,
Sweet Solitude, I own thy spell!

The soul is then in unison,
Whilst silence reigns o'er the sylvan scene,
And sadness smiles, with the dew-eyed morn,
Or fondly weeps, by the pale moon's sheen.

But when in pleasure's gayest mart,
'Mid gairish fashion's giddy crowd,
Thou broodest in the lonely heart,
How fruitful art thou, Solitude!

E.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

On receiving, from a young lady of singular
beauty and accomplishments, a blossom of the
hop-vine.

In eastern climes, I've heard it said,
Love's vows are, oft, in flowers convey'd,
And that the lover's fate is read,
In nosegay cull'd by gentle maid.

To scan this fragrant blossom's scope,
Must, then, my anxious thought employ;
Ah, might I deem it augur'd hope,
'Twould make me *hop*, indeed, for joy.

But should the *acrid* herb portend,
That *bitter* fate I inly fear,
Th' ill-omen'd plant, at least, shall lend
Its od'rous flow'r, to crown my *bier*.

E.

CHARADE.

My first can ne'er forsake the good,
My second, marks the great;
My third has still unaltered stood,
Amidst each change of fate.

My fourth and fifth, you scarce can miss,—
They're read in nature's faintest trace,
And here, or at th' antipodes,
They stare you, ever, in the face.

My whole's a charm religion bland
Does on her lowliest votary shed,
That can the cheerless heart expand,
And shield from harm the houseless head.

The mystic spell to love is known,
Nor less to love than virtue dear,
'Tis Venus' cestus, beauty's zone,
The magic cincture of the fair.

E.

SELECTED.

From the *New (British) Monthly Magazine*.

Translation of 'Miss Bailey,' a popular Song,
into *Monkish Latin*, by the late Rev. G. H.
Glasse.

'— nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem.'

Seduxit miles virginem, receptus in hybernis,
Præcipitem quæ laqueo se transtulit avernis
Impransus ille restitit, sed acrius potabat:
Et conscius facinoris,—per vina clamitabat,—
'Miseram Balam! infortunatam Balam,
'Proditam, traditam, miserrimam-que Balam.'

Ardente demum sanguine, dum repisit ad cubile,
'Ah, belle proditorcule, patrastrî factum vile!'
Nocturnæ candent lampades.—Quid Multa?

Imago dira

Ante ora stabat militis, dixitque fumans ira,
'Aspice Balam! infortunatam, &c.'

'Abito!— cur me corporis pallore exanimasti?
'Perfidius munusculum mi vir administrasti,
'Pererro ripas Stygias, recusat justa Pontifex,
'Suicidam Quæstor nuncupat, sed tua culpa
carnifex.

'Tua culpa carnifex, qui violasti Balam
'Proditam, &c.'

'Sunt mihi deni Solidi, quam nitidi, quam
pulchri!

'Hos accipe et honores cauponabere sepulchri.'
Tum lemuris non facies, ut antea, iracundior
Argentum videns numerat fit ipsa vox jucundior
'Salve mihi corculum, lusisti satis Balam,
'Vale mihi Corculum.—Nunc lude si vis aliam.'

ART. 11. THESPIAN REGISTER.

THERE is no species of entertainment so universally enjoyed as theatrical exhibitions. The drama is among the proudest efforts of genius in every language; and one which is eminently calculated, when the moral of the piece is in accordance with the moral sense of mankind, to produce salutary impressions on the heart. Scenic representation is, in fact, embodying sentiment, and personifying precept. Such is the obvious dignity and utility of compositions of this cast, that the most distinguished writers and moralists, have been content to inculcate lessons of wisdom through this medium. There have not been wanting commentators who have fancied that they found, in the sacred eclogue of Job, the rudiments of a drama. In Greece and Rome, at the periods of their greatest refinement, the theatre was the pride and the ornament of the republic; it was supported, as a common benefit, at the public expense; it was resorted to by the old for amusement, and by the young for instruction; in short, it formed a part of the

system of national education, and was closely allied to the national religion.

In more modern times, a Shakspeare, a Milton, an Addison, a Young, a Thompson, a Johnson, and a Goldsmith, have not thought it unworthy either of their talents, or their virtues, to contribute to the fascinations of the stage.

Nor need the profession of an actor stamp a stigma on the character; though, unfortunately, the characters of actors have, too often, brought disgrace upon the profession. The death of Roscius was deplored by Cicero, and lamented as a calamity to Rome; and Moliere and Garrick, in later days, enjoyed the intimacy and possessed the esteem of the most illustrious of their cotemporaries.

We have thought it necessary to say thus much in vindication of theatrical entertainments, because we are aware that many good people indulge a prejudice against them. We are induced to notice the performances on the New-York boards, in the hope of purging our stage from those impurities which have given too strong grounds for that prejudice. Our remarks, except in reference to those indelicacies and improprieties which are generally offensive, are seldom tinged with severity. We have observed many inaccuracies, particularly in pronunciation, of which we have, here, taken no note. We have not wished to appear hypercritical in the outset, but we shall be more strict, hereafter, in marking transgressions, especially against orthoëpy.

It is but fair, however, to acknowledge that our theatre possesses many attractions. The company is respectable, the scenery well executed, and the dresses remarkably rich and appropriate. Mr. Hilson is, perhaps, the first comedian on the continent; Mr. Robertson and Mr. Pritchard are able actors; Mr. Simpson has talents for light comedy; Mr. Barnes personates old men wonderfully well. Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Darley are deservedly favourites, and Mrs. Baldwin is a capital duenna.

Monday Evening, March 31.

Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand.—
'Tis all a Farce.

The plot of this tragedy, as well as its

moral, or rather its want of it, may be learned from the review of it on our 16th page. It was very much, and not always judiciously curtailed in the representation. Mr. Cooper, in the character of Bertram, played some scenes with spirit, but on the whole fell below himself. Mrs. Barnes, in Imogene, was touching in passages, but unequal in her performance. She has many of the requisites of an actress, but fails to produce all the effect that she is calculated to give, from an intonation of her voice, which seems to be affected; but which, if it be natural, is still unpleasant. Mrs. Groshon's voice is evidently a forced one; but one which we can never be forced to like.

In the afterpiece, Mr. Hilson made some fun in *Numpo*, which admits of nothing better; and Messrs. Jones & Pritchard did justice to their parts.

Wednesday Evening, April 2.

Richard III.—Paul and Virginia.

Mr. Cooper, in Richard, exhibited a fine specimen of able acting: his suit to lady Ann, his subsequent cruelty towards her, his interview with his mother and Elizabeth, his dream and dread, and his dying scene, whilst they gave scope to his powers, were executed in a manner, that evinced at once their extent and variety. If we saw any thing to reprehend, it was his giving, at times, to the cold, heartless sarcasms of the hypocritical tyrant, too much the semblance of waggery. Mrs. Barnes was interesting in Lady Ann. Mr. Pritchard acquitted himself handsomely in Buckingham, as did Mr. Simpson in Richmond. In fact, the performance of the piece was generally creditable to the company. Little Miss Brundige was particularly clever in the Duke of York.

There was some good singing in the afterpiece, and as much good acting as the nature of it would allow. But we experienced more grief, in seeing the pathetic story of Paul and Virginia turned into a farce, than we derived mirth from its merriment.

Friday Evening, April 4.

King Lear.—Lock and Key.

The character of Lear is, perhaps, the most arduous in the whole range of the drama. It requires the utmost exertions of the most consummate actor to come up to the expectation of the part; to say that Mr. Cooper did not fall below it, would be his highest praise. We were, on the whole, not dissatisfied with his performance; and this is no negative encomium. Mr. Simpson conceived Edgar justly, and played it with effect. Mr. Hilson, in Kent, acquitted himself well. Mr. Darley over-did Oswald.

Mrs. Barnes, in the interesting character of

Cordelia, appeared to great advantage, and won upon our esteem.

In the farce, Mr. Barnes, in *Brummagum*, and Mr. Hilson in *Ralph*, made a great deal of sport. Mr. Pritchard played *Captain Vain* with ease and spirit. The house was crowded.

Saturday Evening, April 5.

Macbeth.—Prisoner at Large.

Mr. Woodhull, for whose benefit the piece was announced, played the part of *Macbeth*, which, taking into consideration that it was his third appearance on the stage, he executed in a manner that warrants a hope of future excellence. He did great justice to some scenes; and if he appeared to fail in others, we were inclined to attribute it, rather to diffidence arising from a want of familiarity with the boards, and augmented by the discouraging aspect of a thin house, than to any defect of capacity: his voice, however, is not sufficiently tutored, and though his attitudes are not ungraceful, the management of his arms is awkward, and the mismanagement of his fingers is distressing. Mr. Simpson was very well in *Macduff*, and *Duncan*, *Banquo*, *Malcom*, and *Lenox*, were respectably filled by Messrs. *Anderson*, *Pritchard*, *Carpenter*, and *Darley*.

Mrs. Groshon very agreeably disappointed us in *lady Macbeth*, from her performance of which we cannot withhold our commendation.

The afterpiece is a broad farce, at which we could not help smiling, though we smiled at ourselves for so doing. There are some equivocal expressions put into the mouths of the characters, which convey a meaning of unequivocal indelicacy. We protest against this practice. When wit is purchased at the price of decency, its value is diminished in proportion to the sacrifice. At any rate, allusions of the kind we are condemning, should not be permitted in public. Modesty should not be compelled to hear, what it would blush to repeat.

Monday Evening, April 7.

Battle of New Orleans.—The Apprentice.—The Blazing Sun.

This being a holiday, (Easter Monday) the entertainments were calculated for the audience that usually attend on such occasions, and were well suited to their taste. The play does not merit criticism. We presume, the writer's intentions were good, but his piece will never give any additional *clat* to the exploit it is designed to celebrate: fortunately, it is not in the power of either folly, or malice, to render it ridiculous, though the representation of it was truly so.

Wednesday Evening, April 9.

The Guardians, or the Faro Table.—Ninth Statue.

This is a new comedy, by J. Tobin, Esq.

author of the *Honey-Moon*, &c. It is a very indifferent play, though the author has pilfered plot, incident, character, and language, from most of the popular dramatists, from *Shakspeare*, downwards.

Patchwork is always an indication of poverty, and of whatever materials composed, produces but a mean effect. Mr. Tobin's audacity, in his plagiarisms, is much more conspicuous than his ingenuity in the management of his plunder. He has, in truth, been guilty of only *petty larceny*, for he has stolen nothing of value in all his thefts. But throwing novelty, probability, and morality, out of the question, as the author seems to have done, we may find some amusement in the *Guardians*. The whole strength of the company was brought out in aid of the piece, and we were gratified with much good acting. Mr. Hilson personated *Hint* to admiration. Mr. Robertson, in *Charles Sedgemore*, gave evidence of his acquaintance with the character of a gentleman. He played off no airs, exhibited no swaggering, affected no bustle. Mr. Pritchard played *Barton* with his accustomed propriety.

Mrs. Darley exhibited great ease in the character of the vivacious lady *Welgrove*. The other parts were generally, well supported.

The afterpiece derived all its interest from the splendour with which it was got up.

Friday Evening, April 11.

The Guardians, or the Faro Table.—Woodman's Hut.

The performers, generally in the *Guardian*, showed proficiency in their parts. The Melo-drama of the *Woodman's hut*, is interesting, as well in its incident, as its scenery. Mrs. Barns's *Amelia* is charming; Mr Jones deserved and received applause in the *Woodman*.

Saturday Evening, April 12.

The Robbers.—Aladdin.

This is a German tragedy, in the worst style of German taste, and German morality. It is distressing throughout; but the catastrophe is shocking. It is a penance to witness the representation of a piece, the performance of which is painful in proportion as it is perfect; and which leaves on the mind an impression as difficult to be effaced, as it is dreadful to contemplate. The tendency of this play is, in every respect, pernicious; its blasphemy is horrible; we wish it were altogether proscribed by the public. We augur well from the thinness of the house, which we willingly attribute to the general disapprobation of this unnatural drama.

Mr. Robertson's *Charles de Moor* was impressive. Mr. Pritchard performed *Francis de Moor*, in a very superior style. He is an ac-

tor of great talent, and may aspire to excellence in the highest walks of his profession. Mr. Carpenter acquitted himself remarkably well in Herman. He divested himself of much of that stiffness which renders him usually so ungraceful and monotonous. Mr. Baldwin played Spiegelburg in a very lame manner. Mr. Anderson did Rolla better. Mr. Jones's *Count de Moor* was a very respectable performance.

Mrs. Darley did great justice to the interesting character of Amelia.

Aladdin is a magnificent spectacle; the story of which is taken from the Arabian Nights. Mrs. Barnes played Aladdin with great spirit and naïveté, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Pritchard played with his usual judgment in Abenazac. Mrs. Baldwin performed Mustapha very well. Her forte is in characters of this cast.

Monday Evening, April 14.

The World in a Village.—Who's Who.

The performances of this evening went off rather heavily. There was nothing in them worthy of special notice.

Wednesday Evening, April 16.

As you Like it.—The Children in the Wood.

The part of *Rosalind* was played by Miss Johnson, a young lady of great beauty, and very extraordinary talents, who performed for a few nights, in the early part of the season. She was greeted by the audience with the most cheering plaudits. She is quite a novice, but we have every thing to hope from the maturity of her powers. Her countenance his highly animated, and susceptible of every variety of expression. The tones of her voice are exquisitely fine, though she is not always full in her cadence. Without being affected, she is too studied, and too emphatic. She sings enchantingly.

Mr. Hilson was very great in *Touchstone*, he possesses equal discrimination and versatility. Mr. Pritchard was tolerable in *Jaques*; Mr. Robertson indifferent in *Adam*, and Mr. Simpson worse than indifferent in *Orlando*. We were disgusted by a great deal of ribaldry, which is unnecessarily retained in the representation of this comedy.

In the afterpiece, Mr. Hilson played *Walter*, with his usual justness. Little Miss Brundige, in the female child, showed great quickness of apprehension.

Friday Evening, April 18.

The Will, or School for Daughters.—Adopted Child.

The playing of this evening was such, as we have seldom the gratification of witness-

sing. Miss JOHNSON, in *Albina Mandeville*, transcended the high expectations we had formed. We were delighted with her vivacity and childishness. She introduced, with singular propriety, the wild and charming song of the Cossack, which she accompanied with her harp, and to which she gave equal effect with her voice and her instrument. The audience attested their satisfaction by no equivocal evidences.

Mr. Barnes did great justice to *Sir Solomon Cynic*. Mr. Simpson was unusually happy in *Howard*. Mr. Pritchard, in *Mandeville*, did not play with his wonted animation. Mrs. Baldwin hit off Mrs. Rigid to the life.

In the afterpiece, Mr. Hilson, in *Michael*, showed that his talents are not confined to that cast of characters, in which levity predominates. Such entertainments as have closed the performances of this, and the preceding evening, are infinitely preferable to the tawdry pageant of a melo-drama.

Saturday Evening, April 19.

The Child of Nature.—Rosina, or the Reapers.

Miss JOHNSON performed in both these pieces. As *Amanthis*, she was sufficiently unsophisticated, and lent an interest to the part by her youth, her beauty, and her ingenuousness. We do not, however, admire the play itself, as much as many others profess to do. Its title is a misnomer:—It is any thing but a delineation of traits of nature. Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Simpson, gave strength to the piece in the prominent characters. Mrs. Baldwin played spiritedly and with *gout* in the *Marchioness*. *Rosina* was well supported by Miss Johnson; who was, herself, supported by nobody. Mr. Darley, was, indeed, *indifferent*, in Mr. Belville. He sings well, except that his articulation is so indistinct, that the whole force of the sentiment of his songs is lost. Mr. Darley has not made the slightest progress for years, in the walk of his profession. Is it because he is deficient in talent, or in ambition? Mr. Bancker's performance of capt. Belville was contemptible. This young man is not, however, so wanting in capacity, as he is redundant in complacency. If he did not think he had already attained to perfection, he might arrive at mediocrity. Miss Dellinger is much such another *figure* as Mr. Darley. She has not made the least improvement in three or four years; yet there is ample room for it. Should she seriously set about amendment, we would advise her, as the first step towards it, to leave off a distressing habit she has of catching her breath, after every word she utters.

ART. 12. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

London, January 30.

On the return of the Prince Regent from the House of Lords, the crowd, assembled in the streets, had increased greatly. In St. James' Park, in particular, the mob was immense, and they began to utter the most violent and indiscreet expressions the instant the royal carriage appeared. When the cavalcade had reached the stable-yard gate, it appears that the glasses of the state carriage were broken on both sides, almost instantaneously. The general impression was that the stones were the missiles employed, and yet the glasses, which are of uncommon thickness, were broken as cleanly as if done by a discharge from a musket or pistol.

On the prince royal alighting from the state carriage at St. James's palace, he immediately sent for Lord Sidmouth; and after waiting a considerable time for the arrival of Lord Sidmouth, at St. James's palace, left it in his private carriage for Carleton-house; and the refractory part of the populace having left the Park, he was then received with loud huzzas. His royal highness left his commands for Lord Sidmouth to follow him to Carleton-house, where his lordship arrived shortly afterwards, as did the Duke of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; their royal highnesses having heard of what had happened, lost no time in repairing to Carleton-house, to make inquiries.

Lord J. Murray, who attended the regent in the state carriage as a lord in waiting, received a blow over his right eye from a piece of the strong plate glass being struck against him.

January 31.

A proclamation has been published, offering 1000*l.* reward for the apprehension of the person or persons guilty of the late treasonable attempt on the life of the Prince Regent.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

February 4.

The order being read for taking into consideration the Message of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent on the State of the Country, the Message was accordingly read.

Lord Castlereagh then moved successively, —1. That the papers containing the communication from the Crown be referred to a Committee. 2. That this Committee be secret. 3. That it consist of 21 members. 4. That he is chosen by ballot. 5. That the members of the House prepare a list of 21, to put into a glass to compose said Committee. 6. That the papers remain on the table as they are, till the said Committee be chosen. All which, motions were agreed to.

February 8.

Lord Castlereagh brought forward a statement of our Naval and Military Establishments, and the reductions that have already taken place, and are in progress in these sources of expense; and moved for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the public income and expenditures for the year 1817.

The army, in 1816, was 149,445 men; in 1817, it is 123,702—reduction, 25,743. The expense last year, exclusively of Ordnance, was 110,564,000—this year it is 19,280,000. The Ordnance last year cost 11,969,000—this year it is 11,246,000. Total, saving on Army, 11,784,000.

Navy, last year, 33,000 men; this year, 19,000—reduction, 14,000. It cost for last year, 110,114,000; this year it will be 16,397,000—saving, 13,717,000.

Miscellaneous service in 1816, 12,500,000; ditto this year, 11,500,000—saving, 1,000,000.

RECAPITULATION.

Army saving	11,784,000
Navy ditto	3,717,000
Miscellaneous	1,000,000

Total saving, 16,501,000

SUPPLY.

Army	17,050,000
Commissariat and Barracks, Great Britain	580,000
Ditto, ditto, Ireland,	300,000
Extraordinaries	1,300,000
Ordnance	1,246,000
Navy	6,397,000
Miscellaneous, G. B. and Ireland,	1,500,000
	118,373,000

The Prince Regent has intimated to Parliament, through his ministers, his intention to surrender one-fifth part of that portion of his income which is connected with his own personal services.—The amount of this fifth is calculated at 50,000*l.* a year. Ministers themselves have also more than intimated their intention to follow the example that has been given by the prince regent.

February 11.

ARREST OF SUSPECTED PERSONS.

Messrs. Watson, Preston, the Evans's, Keene, alias Kearne, Castles, alias Jackson, were all apprehended at the same time, although some of them reside at a considerable distance from each other, and were all at Bow-street Office in less than an hour and a half of each other.

Feb. 13.

A reduction of three lieutenants in each flag ship, and two in each other line of battle ship, is to take place immediately.

Several vessels arrived at Liverpool on Thursday last, from America, which have brought, amongst other produce, 25,000 barrels of flour, and 15,000 more are expected every tide.

Feb. 8.

Capital Stock purchased by or transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, up to the 5th of January, 1817 :—

Total amount for Great Britain and Ireland, 338,101,058*l*.

A report is circulated, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, that the Bank of England has obtained the sanction of Government to a plan for the establishment of Branch Banks in various districts of the country.

On the 24th of February, 10,000 British troops arrived in England from France, being one-third of the army of occupation.

Las Casas and his son had arrived at the Cape of Good Hope from St. Helena.

Las Casas had been detected in attempting a clandestine correspondence with some people in Paris, through the medium of a Lady in London. A letter had been detected in the lining of a black boy's jacket, written on very fine silk, in cipher; the contents as yet unknown, for the want of a key. Las Casas was removed and confined as a close prisoner. Bonaparte, a few days before, in a fit of spleen, had cut up a quantity of plate and sold it, under pretence that his allowance was not enough.

March 6.

Much sensation has been excited by the suspension of the *HABEAS CORPUS* act, which was carried by a large majority. After the passage of this act, the funds immediately rose one per cent.

A Protest against this measure was signed in the House of Lords by Frederick Augustus, Duke of Sussex, Bedford, Toley, Tunbridge, Alvanley, Montfort, Essex, Lauderdale, Grey, Wellesley, Thanet, Grosvenor, Auckland, Saint John, Say, Rosslyn, and Holland.

It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee of Parliament, on which the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* is founded, that a very extensive and formidable conspiracy has been organized throughout England and Scotland, for the avowed object of *revolution* in Church and State.

Married.] In London, Baron Fred. Wm. Driesen, General in the Russian armies, to Miss Aikin, of Hampstead.—The Earl of Warwick, to Lady Monson.

Died.] At Mitcham, Lieut. General Forbes Champagné, Col. of the 70th regt. of foot.—At Teddesley-Park, Staffordshire, the Mar-

chioness Wellesley: she was a French woman, daughter of M. Pierre Roland, but long separated from her husband.—At Elston, Nottinghamshire, Robert Waring Darwin, author of *Principia Botanica*.—At Blenheim, His Grace George, third Duke of Marlborough, and deservedly styled the 'good.'—At Chevening, Rt. Hon. Charles Stanhope, Earl Stanhope, F.R.S.F.A.S. Member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, &c. &c. He was the author of many valuable works, and numerous mechanical inventions.—At Barbaraville, Co. of Roscommon, Rt. Hon. Patrick Dillon, eleventh Earl of Roscommon, &c. &c.—At Kensington, aged 79, John Paddey, Esq. whose mother, Lady Ann Paddey, was daughter of Charles, Duke of Cleves and Southampton, son of Charles 2d. The deceased was the last surviving descendant, in the third degree of King Charles, by the Lady Barbara Villiers, daughter of Wm. Villiers, Viscount Grandison, who was slain, fighting for the King, at the battle of Edgehill, in 1642, and whose father was brother of the favourite, George, Duke of Buckingham.

FRANCE.

Paris, Dec. 18.

From the establishment of the decimal system to August, 1816, the money coined amounts to 1,629,666,538 francs, of which 250 millions were gold. The money coined with the head of Louis XVIII. amounts already to 213,815,475 francs, of which 116 millions were in gold.

January 26.

The Report of Count Beugnot to the House of Deputies, on the ways and means of defraying the expense of 1817, after a view of the financial operations of past years, proceeds to state the estimate of expenses of the year, which he makes 16 millions less than the ministerial estimate, as follows :

Ordinary expenses	468,000,000 franks.
Extraordinary do.	431,000,000
Expenses of public debt	157,000,000
Making a total of	1,056,000,000 franks,

which is about equal to 198,000,000 of dollars. Of this sum it is proposed to raise 759,000,000 by taxes and imports of different funds, and the deficiency of 298,000,000 by a loan, from a company through which it was expected that the aid of foreign capitalists might be obtained. To enable the government to effect this loan, it was proposed to appropriate, from certain revenues, the annual sum of 30,000,000.

February 4.

The funds have got up again to 60, and continue steadily above.

The amount of the French Loan, it appears, is only positive for 100 million of francs, about four millions sterling, but optional for the second 100 millions, or four

millions. At the expiration of eight months, the Contractors for the first four millions may take the second, but at a higher price of the French funds. The four millions absolutely contracted for are taken at 55, French funds—and the payments are to be completed by the end of ten months from the date of the contract. The contractors are—first, Mr. Baring, of London; next the Hopes, of Amsterdam; Parish, of Hamburg; a house at Frankfort; and five banking houses at Paris.

The population of France is officially reported to be 28,813,051 souls, exclusive of Corsica, and the colonies.

March 10.

One-fifth of the Allied Army has left France.

SPAIN.

The deficits of the Spanish revenue for 1815 and 1816, amount to thirty-five millions of dollars. The estimated revenue for 1817, is not more promising.

SWITZERLAND.

Extract of a letter from St. Bernard, dated December 23, 1816.

It is with grief I inform you, that on the 16th, a frightful avalanche has swallowed up two domestics of the hospital, and four men of the town of St. Peter, without there being a possibility of rendering them any assistance. Four of them had set out from the hospital with letters. Two others went to meet them from the town, and all disappeared. Receiving no news from them, we set out in great anxiety in search of them.—Night surprised us in the gorges of the mountain, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could find another. The weather was so tempestuous, that we passed one another without knowing it. On the 19th and 20th we made a fruitless search, and on the 22d we found three of their bodies, seven feet under the snow, a quarter of a league from the convent. All the families of the unfortunate men are in despair and in tears. To increase our misfortunes, all our dogs are buried under the snow. There is no longer at the convent a single one of those courageous animals, who have for so long a time been the hope of the traveller. The useful race is extinct.

For eight hours the wind has been heaping up the snow. The avalanches have changed the form of the mountain. It would no longer be recognized. All the inhabitants of St. Peter, able to labour, are on the mountains.

NETHERLANDS.

Dutch Budget.—A Brussels article gives the estimate of the minister of Finance, for 1817. The income is calculated at 73,700,000 florins, [a florin is about 1s. 8d. sterling,] and the expenses at 73,400,000 florins.

In 1816, no less than 2563 vessels of various tonnage, arrived at the port of Amsterdam.

GERMANY.

The emperor of Austria has founded in his states a sinking fund, like that of France and England.

The disputes between the Jews and the city of Frankfort are not yet terminated. The Diet has referred the Jews to the senate, and the senate has sent them to the legislative body, where it is supposed their claims will be heard.

Vienna, Jan. 25.

The Duke of Montfort (Jerome Bonaparte,) and the Princess his wife, passed through here to-day, on their way to Upper Austria, where they have bought the fine estate of Kamburg: they are to return in a few days to Hamburg; but it is said that as soon as the fine chateau of Kamburg is put in order, they will go and reside there with Madame Murat and her family.

The Wirtemberg army is to be reduced so as not to exceed 20,000 men. The king has ordered, that in all representations and petitions addressed to him, the use of all French and Latin expressions shall be avoided, and pure high German alone employed.

There are 1100 students in the university of Gottingen, many of whom are said to be Americans.

The actual armed force of Austria, is computed in a German journal at 530,000 men.

DENMARK.

Elsineur, Jan. 4.

Last year there passed the Sound, 8871 ships, among which were, from the north sea, 1097 Swedish, 408 Danish, 396 Norwegian, 208 Russian, 525 Prussian, 942 English, 83 American, 8 French, &c. and from the Baltic, 906 English, 85 American, 8 French, 4 Spanish, 23 Portuguese, &c.

SWEDEN.

A ship of the line, larger than any belonging to the Swedish navy, is about to be launched at Carlscrone. The navy will then consist of 11 ships of the line, in the best state, besides frigates, &c.

RUSSIA.

By a late statistical account in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, it appears, that the revenue of Russia in 1811, amounted to two hundred and fifteen millions of rubles, and the expenses to two hundred and seventy-four millions. In 1810 the army consisted of 621,155 men; the navy (in 1813) of 289 sail, mounting 4348 guns. The established church (the Greek) had four metropolitan churches, 11 archbishoprics, 19 bishoprics, 26,747 churches, and numerous convents. In addition to this, in 1811, there were 3,500,000 Catholics, 1,400,000 Luth-

rans, 3,800 of the reformed church, 9,000 Moravians, 5,000 Mennonites, 60,000 Armenians, 3,000,000 of Mahometans, 300,000 of the followers of the Dalai-Lama, &c. In 1815 the number of manufactories was 3253.

According to an enumeration of the population of Russia, made in 1806, the whole number of the subjects of the emperor was 41,253,483.

Among the deaths in Russia in 1814, were two persons, one between 145 and 150 years old, the other between 124 and 130.

ASIA.

TURKEY.

The successes of the Ottoman forces in the Arabian Peninsula have led to an acknowledgment of the supremacy of the emperor of the Turks; and Abdallah ben Saood, the chief of the Wahabee Arabs, has been compelled to guarantee the payment of a yearly tribute, by the transmission of valuable hostages to Mahommed Ali Pacha, governor of Egypt and commander of the victorious army.

Titameh and Hejah have been ceded to the Porte, in which last province, the holy cities Mecca and Modena have their scite. Advices, however, of the ratification of this treaty, had not yet been published.

EAST INDIES.

Calcutta, Nov. 1, 1816.

The unusual epidemic disease still prevails in the upper provinces—there is an extraordinary mortality among the European troops.

Our last accounts from Java, state that it would probably take till August to adjust all the business connected with the transfer of the island to the Dutch—the English flag continued to fly at Welturredeen, 1st Oct.

The Lord Bishop of Calcutta is daily expected here; his Lordship and family arrived at Colombo, 12th Oct.

Late accounts from Madras state that the members of the French colonial government still remained at the Admiralty Gardens, but were expected to return to Pondicherry by 15th instant. The French government intend to reinstate the college formerly at Pondicherry; so as to supersede the necessity of sending youth to Europe, for education in the higher branches of literature, science, &c. We doubt whether the scheme will be found to answer the good intention. Pondicherry will be ceded to the members of the French colonial government very soon; the Madras gazette has officially notified all British subjects residing in the settlement and dependencies of Pondicherry, except those on duty, to return to the British territories by the 10th inst.

AFRICA.

The Dey of Algiers has confirmed his treaty with the U. S. Advices from Italy, however, state that he is intent upon warlike preparations, as well offensive as defensive.

SPANISH AMERICA.

Our accounts from the Spanish Revolutionary Provinces are so vague and contradictory, that we can gather no facts from them, with sufficient certainty, to form any calculation of the issue of the contest with the mother country. Pirates, under the patriot flag, continue to depredate on neutral commerce.

BRITISH AMERICA.

CANADIAN EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Exports for the year 1816. from Quebec.

Lumber, furs, ashes (70,609 cwt.) with small quantities of grain, flour, and provisions, in all having an official value of four hundred and eighty thousand pounds, or, 1,920,000 dollars. This amount is said to be 140,000*l.* greater than it was last year, principally owing to the export of ashes, about one half of which is from the United States. The export of furs has been very much diminished, owing to the war between the north west and Hudson bay companies.

Imports, for 1816, at Quebec.

Dry goods, official value, 1,556,296*l.*—Wines, 300,000 galls.; rum, 1,092,500; brandy, 31,600; gin, 30,100; whiskey, 107,745; molasses, 135,241. Sugar refined, 438,673 lbs. Muscovado, 1,809,422; coffee, 335,441; tobacco, 46,562; tea, 218,969. Salt, 219,826 minots, &c. &c. making a total official value of 2,174,796*l.* equal to 8,699,184 dollars—leaving an apparent balance against the colony of about 6,500,000 dollars.

Kingston, v. c. March 1.

On Thursday last, the inhabitants of this town experienced two shocks of an earthquake. The first took place about two, and the second at four o'clock in the afternoon. The duration of each was nearly a minute. The last shock was more sensibly felt, and occasioned the glass to rattle in the windows. They were both accompanied by a rumbling sound resembling that of distant thunder. The weather, at the period of this unusual occurrence, was moderate, and the wind at the N. E. quarter, with a slight fall of snow.

Quebec, March 15.

Extraordinary.—A prodigious fish some days since run a-shore, near the river Ouelle, in the county of Cornwallis. Its dimensions are said to be enormous, of which some idea may be formed from its protruding and breaking whole fields of ice, of extraordinary thickness at this season of the year, in its career. It has drawn the admiration of hundreds in this district, and it is said a great portion of the inhabitants are employed in cutting the blubber into junks to

be reduced into oil, of which it will afford some thousands of barrels, and will yield a very handsome sum to the provincial revenues as *droits*, and to the Seigneur of the parish, who shares with the crown in the profits arising from fish of this description. The skeleton is to be carefully preserved for the museum.

Montreal, April 5.

By the advertisement in this paper from the lieutenant governor's office at York, it will be seen that a canal communication from Kingston to La Chine by the river Rideau, is seriously undertaken. Its importance will be readily conceived. In addition to enhancing the worth of the settlements through which it will pass, it will be of vast consequence to the provincials at large.

Horrid Murder.—On Saturday last, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, the St. Lawrence suburbs was the scene of a horrid crime. A man named O'Brien was murdered by one McGuire. It appears that McGuire, having taken some offence, was behaving himself in an unbecoming manner in the public house of Mrs. Hughes, on which she went out to ask assistance of her neighbour, Mr. O'Brien: McGuire, suspecting her design, followed her out, and met with Mr. O'Brien, who quietly asked McGuire why he occasioned such a disturbance? McGuire, without answering, gave him a blow with a club, which he had in his hand; O'Brien fell, and McGuire repeated the blows. Several people coming together on hearing the noise, the murderer was seized and committed to prison.—Mr. O'Brien expired immediately after receiving the first blow. His head was beaten in a most shocking manner—by marks, six or seven blows were apparently given, either of which would have proved mortal. Mr. O'Brien was formerly a non-commissioned officer in the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment, and since the peace had become known and esteemed as the best painter in the city. On Monday his remains were interred in the Roman Catholic burying ground, attended by a numerous concourse of acquaintances, and with military honours.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

On the 4th of March last, James Monroe was inducted, with the usual ceremonies, into the office of President of these United States. On this interesting occasion, the President delivered a speech, in which he developed his views of policy and principles of government. Having concluded his address, the oath of office was administered to him by the Chief Justice of the United States. The solemnities were performed in the open air, under the auspices of a fine day, and in the presence of an immense concourse of officers

of the government, both civil and military, foreign ministers and officers, strangers of distinction, and citizens of the republic.

Appointments by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

To be secretary for the department of state, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts.

To be secretary for the department of the treasury, WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

To be secretary for the department of war, ISAAC SHELBY, of Kentucky.

MR. CROWNSHIELD, it is understood, remains at the head of the navy department.

Richard Cutts, late superintendant general of military supplies, to be second comptroller of the treasury department, under the act of the 3d of March, 1817, to provide for the prompt settlement of public accounts.

William Lee, late accountant of the war department, *Peter Hagner*, late additional accountant of the war department, *Constant Freeman*, late accountant of the navy department, and *Stephen Pleasonton*, of the state of Delaware, to be auditors in the treasury department, under the act aforesaid.

John Coffee, of Tennessee, to be surveyor of the lands in the northern part of the Mississippi territory, under the act of third of March, 1817.

Israel Pickens, of North Carolina, to be register of the land office, to be opened in the Mississippi territory, under the act of 3d March, 1817.

Stephen Archer, of Maryland, to be additional Judge in the Mississippi territory, to reside in the eastern part thereof, under the act of the 3d March, 1817.

Joseph Philips, late of the army of the United States, to be secretary of the Illinois territory.

Robert Jaques, of New-York, to be consul at St. Croix.

John Howard March, of New Hampshire, to be consul at Madeira.

Daniel Strobel, of South Carolina, to be consul at Bordeaux, in place of William Lee, resigned.

William Davy, of Pennsylvania, to be consul of the United States at Kingston upon Hull, in Great Britain.

Joseph Ray, of the same state, to be consul at Pernambuco, in Brazil.

Jose dos Santos Monteiro, of Brazil, to be consul for the island of Maranhoe, in Brazil.

Reuben G. Beasley, of Virginia, to be consul at Havre de Grace.

Robert Trimble, of Kentucky, to be Judge of the United States for the district of Kentucky.

Edward Wyer, of Massachusetts, to be consul of the United States at Hamburgh.

Henry Wilson, of Maryland, to be consul at Nantz.

Edward Church, of Kentucky, to be consul at L'Orient.

John B. Frazier, of Massachusetts, to be consul for the island of Curacao.

John O. Sullivan, of New-York, to be consul at Mogadore, in Morocco.

Joel Hart, of New-York, to be consul at Leith.

It is stated in the National Intelligencer, that the difficulties with the Russian government, which had grown out of the miscon-

duct of some of its agents in this country, have been satisfactorily adjusted.

The probable expense of finishing the public buildings of the United States, at Washington, is estimated at 336,661 dollars. It is expected that the chambers for the legislative bodies will be ready for their reception in the autumn of 1818.

The Swedish and Norwegian minister, Mr. De Kantzow, has taken leave of the president, with the intention of making a visit to Sweden.

ART. 13. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Governor Plumer is re-elected by a large majority. All the branches of the government of this state, for the ensuing year, are republican.

An attempt has lately been made to fire the town of Portsmouth, which was happily detected before any considerable injury had been done.

Died. At Hanover, hon John Wheelock, L.L.D. aged 63, president of Dartmouth University, to which institution, before his death, he made a donation of nearly 40,000 dollars. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Mehitable Mackay. At Merrimack, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of H. W. Gordon, Esq. aged 34. At New-Market, Wentworth Cheswell, Esq. aged 71. At Hanover, Mrs. Hannah Kinsman, aged 23.

MASSACHUSETTS.

From the return of votes, in this State, the re-election of Gov. Brooks, by an increased majority of several thousands, is already ascertained. The whole number of votes legally returned, last year, was 97,084.

The political character of the Senate for the ensuing year will not be changed.

Married. At Boston, Mr. Joseph R. Albertson, to Miss Mary Jackson. Mr. John Tileston Fracker, to Miss Nancy Wood. Benj. Guild, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Eliot. Hon. Jonathan Russell, to Miss Lydia Smith. Mr. Benj. Darling, to Miss Blake. Mr. H. Oliver, to Miss Jane Cooper. Mr. J. Hammond, to Miss Elizabeth Fessenden. At Marblehead, Capt. Francis Blacker, to Miss Polly Hooper. At Edgarton, Rev. Shipley W. Wilson, to Miss Rebecca Mayhew. At Cape Elizabeth, Mr. Henry Knox Adams, to Miss Sarah W. Webb. At West Springfield, Mr. Wm. Ardway, to Miss Lydia Street. At Dighton, Mr. D. Andrews, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Andrews. At Roxbury, Mr. A. Ferrier, to Miss Harriet Childs. At Newbury-Port, Mr. Tho. Pearson, to Miss Betsey Pearson. At New-Bedford, Mr. Daniel Butler, to Miss Mary Allen. At Brighton, Capt. Ebenr. Stedman, of Cambridge, to Miss Mary Braman, of Norton.

Died. At Boston, Nathaniel Greenough,

Esq. aged 67. Mr. Alpheus Dunham. Caleb Bingham, aged 60. Mrs. Sarah Warren, aged 62. Mrs. Sarah Frasier, aged 90. Rufus Cutler, aged 31. Samuel Moore, 42. Mrs. Abigail Pons, 67. Charles Harris Hobart. At sea, Stephen Russell Goff, of Boston, aged 24. At sea, Elisha Wild, of B. aged 29. At St. Eustasia, Richard E. Tyler, of B. aged 20. Mrs. Sarah Milton, aged 58. Ann Maria Stevenson, aged 2 years 9 months. At sea, Wm. E. Deverell, of B. aged 28. At Gibraltar, Charles Dix, of B. aged 30. Capt. Nath. Goodwin; he was the first man that sailed up the Baltic under the American Flag. Mr. Jonathan Bixby, 48. Mrs. Anna Kingman, 57. Mrs. Patrick McDonell, 37. At Charlestown, Mrs. Joana Ireland, 36. At Dedham, Mr. John Kilbourn, 25, formerly of New-York, and a midshipman of the United States' Navy. At Biddeford, April 10, Capt. Lewis Young, 43, formerly of Cape Cod. At Salem, Miss Susan Messerve, aged 22. At Dedham, Lemuel Ellis, 56. At Medway, Mrs. Hannah Penniman, 42. At Plymouth, Mr. John Otis, 74. At Medford, John Charunier, a native of Surinam. At Charlestown, Mrs. Martha Mills. At Holme's Hole, Henry Sawyer, of Beverly, 29. At Dorchester, Mr. Lewis Cannon. At Bridgewater, Joseph Bassett, Esq. 68. At Richmond, (Mass.) Levi Beebe, 74. Mrs. Hinsdale, wife of Rev Theodore Hinsdale, 69. At Cohasset, Mrs. Elizabeth Hobbs, 26. At Lynn, Miss Anne Lye, 27. At Ipswich, Mrs. Betsey Crocker, 44. At Lechmere Point, (Cam.) Mrs. Sally Ditson, 28. At Rowley, Mrs. Mary Spafford. At Bradford, Lieut. Wm. Baily, 66. At Lancaster, Mrs. Rhoda Sprague. At Northampton, Mrs. Sarah Strong, wife of the Hon. Caleb Strong, aged 60. At Rowe, Horace Burr, aged 17, of hydrophobia, occasioned by skinning a fox, which had died of that disease some months before. At Campo Bello, (Maine) Mr. Samuel W. Chadbourn, 28. At Roxbury, Mr. Stephen Brewer, 32. At Cambridgeport, Miss Lucy Lang, 24. At Concord, Mrs. Sarah Warren. At Sudbury, Mrs. Dolly Wheeler. At Woolwich, Hon. Nathaniel Thwing, 86. At Little-Compton, Mrs. Sarah, relict of Dr. Benjamin Richmond, 66. At Castine, Capt. John Perkins, aged 80.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Providence, April 4.

Mr. Knight, the republican candidate, is elected Governor of this State.

A Nocturnal Feast. On Tuesday night, the 25th ultimo, a number of persons feloniously entered the bake-house of Mr. Christopher Hill, kindled a fire, baked a number of cakes, and having spread a table, ate them with gingerbread and sugar cakes; of the latter *seventy* were consumed. It appears that this *select* and *genteel* party completed their repast on a large box out of doors, and within a few feet of the residence of eleven families, none of whom were invited to the feast. It would be well for the persons engaged in this unwarrantable affair, to reflect that foolish tricks are often the precursors of atrocious crimes, and that *sport* at the *expense* of others, has no equitable claim to impunity.

Married.] At Newport, Capt. Levi H. Gage, of Maryland, to miss Hannah F. Brayton. At Providence, Mr. W. C. Baker, to Miss Phœbe Pic.

Died.] At Providence, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Philip Allen, Esq. aged 66. Mr. Horace Peck, 32. At Bristol, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Maj. R. Warren, 31. Mrs. Hannah, relict of John Fales, Esq. 90.

CONNECTICUT.

Oliver Wolcott, Esq. is elected Governor of this State, for the ensuing political year.

Hartford, April 14.

Hail-storm. On the evening of Monday last, a violent storm of hail crossed us from the north-west. Although some of the stones picked up measured four inches and a half in circumference, still the wind was so light that we suffered no other damage than the breaking a few of our windows. The storm was confined to this city and the immediate vicinity.

Fire. On Tuesday evening, the 1st instant, the dwelling-house of Mr. Joel Wadsworth of East-Hartford, was entirely consumed, together with the principal part of his household furniture. The fire, it is supposed, caught by accident.

A Steam-boat intended to ply between Norfolk and New-London, launched at Norwich, is expected to be ready by the first of May.

Married.] At New-Haven, Mr. Charles Lloyd Strong, to miss Jeannette A. Bradley. At Norwich, Lieut. Owen Ransom, of the United States' army, to miss Charlotte W. Perkins.

Died.] At Hartford, Mrs. Mehitable Wadsworth, aged 82. At Roxbury, Deborah Armstrong, widow, aged 63. At New-Haven, Capt. Abraham Bradley, aged 76. At New-London, Mrs. Lucy Prentiss, aged 66. At N. Haven, Mr. Enoch Ives, aged 45. At Durham, Mrs. Anne Canfield, aged 97. At Lyme,

Mr. John Avery, 23. Capt. Nath. Conklin, 60. At Coventry, John Colegrove, Esq. 74. At New-London, Mrs. Margaret Norwood Cushing.

VERMONT.

Married.] At Vernon, Col. Wm. Swan, late of the U. S. army, to Miss Martha Lane, of Northampton.

Died.] At Burlington, Mr. Timothy Winn, aged 76. At Windsor, Mrs. Mary Rudolph, 45. Wm. Haliburton, Esq. one of the oldest settlers in that place, aged 78. At Halifax, Mrs. Olive, wife of the Rev. Thomas H. Wood.

NEW-YORK.

Albany, April 18.

The Legislature adjourned at eleven o'clock on Tuesday evening, after a session of three months, having passed, including the extra session, two hundred and ninety-four laws. Among the most prominent, is that which provides for the immediate commencement of the canals which are to connect the waters of the lakes with those of the Hudson. The board of commissioners, we learn, have resolved to take immediate measures for the commencement of this gigantic work.

The expense of the *Grand Canal* is estimated by the Commissioners, at 4,881,738 dollars:—that of the Canal from Lake Champlain, at 800,000 dollars.

Among the laws enacted at this Session, are 24 for incorporating turnpike and bridge companies, 10 for erecting new towns. 1 for erecting a new county, 4 for incorporating banks, and several for laying out new roads.

Laws have also passed abolishing imprisonment for debt for sums not exceeding twenty-five dollars, extending the jurisdiction of the justices' courts in the city of New-York to 100 dollars,—declaring persons joining the Society of Shakers, *civilly* dead, to all intents and purposes, &c. &c.

By a law passed on the 31st of March, 1817, the final and total abolition of Slavery within this state, is declared to take place on the 4th day of July, 1827. In this law it is enacted, "That every Negro, Mulatto, and Mustee, within this state, born *before* the 4th day of July, 1799, shall from and after the 4th day of July, 1827, BE FREE:" and by the same law it is further enacted, That all Negroes, Mulattoes and Mustees, born *after* the 4th day of July, 1799, shall BE FREE at the age of 21 years.

Appointments by the Council of Appointment.

[These are so numerous, that we are compelled to confine our notice of them to those of greater distinction, or more general importance.]

March 9.

Kings. Jacob Ganison, Sheriff.
Saratoga. Thos. Dibble, Henry Gansevoort, Judges.

Madison. John Stocking, Judge.

Columbia. Robert L. Livingston, Judge.

March 28.

Rensselaer. Storm S. Vanderzee, Judge.

Ontario. John Vanfleet, Judge and Justice.

Cottaraugus. Timothy H. Porter, 1st Judge and Justice; Francis Greene, Ashbel Freeman, Silas Noah, and James Brooks, Judges and Justices; Sands Boutin, County Clerk; Israel Centis, Sheriff; Jeremy Worcester, Surrogate.

Niagara. Samuel Wilkeson, Judge.

Genesee. Ralph Parker, and Abma. Maticon, Judges.

Broome. Anson Camp, Judge.

April 1.

Schoharie. Peter Swart, Henry Schaeffer, John Brewster, Joseph Borst, Jesse Shepherd, Hermanus Bouck, John Reynolds, Olney Briggs, Herman Hickok, and Henry Hager, Judges and Justices of the Peace.

April 8.

Dutchess. James Emott, First Judge, vice John Johnson resigned; William Griffen, Sheriff.

Suffolk. John P. Osborne, David Warner, and Ebenezer W. Case, Judges and Justices.

Charles D. Cooper, Esq. of Albany, Secretary of State, vice Robert Tillotson, Esq. removed.

Militia of New-York. The Adjutant General's annual return, made to the Legislature, furnishes the following aggregate of the different descriptions of militia in this state. It is exclusive of about 20 companies, from which no returns were received.

Infantry	97,639
Artillery	6,434
Cavalry	2,807

Total, 106,880

Common Schools. The Superintendent of Common Schools reports to the Legislature, that "there are within the state, exclusive of the city and county of New-York, at least five thousand common schools, which have been organized and kept up under the act for their establishment; and the number of children annually taught in them, exceeds two hundred thousand." The sum distributed the last year, from the common school-fund, was about 65,000 dollars.

The Rev. FRANCIS BROWN, of Dartmouth College, has been appointed to the President's chair of Hamilton College.

Ogdensburg, March 4.

EARTHQUAKE.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt in this village on Thursday last, at about 15 minutes past 3 A. M. wind N. E. A heavy rumbling noise was observed by many; crockery and glass was set in motion. The shock appeared to come from N. N. E. and continued about 10 or 15 seconds.

Sackett's-Harbour, April 1.

Three soldiers, belonging to the United States' army, were last Saturday arrested and brought before one of the magistrates of this village, on a charge of feloniously stealing, taking and driving away, a cow, the property of a citizen residing near this place, who was dangerously wounded in attempting to prevent this atrocious depredation. The soldiers, after examination, were committed, to take their trial, at the next General Sessions of the peace.

Fire. On Friday evening last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the cantonment, called "Pike's cantonment," near this village. We understand the fire originated in the hospital barracks; which, without other damage, were entirely consumed.

Troy, April 15.

Commerce. It may not be uninteresting to distant readers, who barely know, that within a few years, this town has obtained the honour of being placed on the map of this state, that it is now about 30 years since the first store was erected here; at that time there were only 4 or 5 dwelling-houses within the limits of the present city of Troy. This city contains now about 5000 inhabitants. In the course of last week, there was shipped here property estimated at a moderate calculation to amount to two hundred thousand dollars, consisting principally of flour, wheat, provisions, lumber, potash, &c. The flour was manufactured at the mills in the south part of the city, of which there are four, of very superior workmanship; both as respects their plan and durability of materials.

Goshen, April 14.

Fire. On Monday night, the 7th inst. the Hat Manufactory of Mr. Cox, of Chester, in this town, took fire, and before it was put out nearly all its contents were destroyed, consisting of hats and stock to the value of about 4000 dollars.

Sag-Harbour, April 12.

A violent tempest. On Monday evening last, between 8 and 9 o'clock, we experienced, in this place, a most tremendous shower of hail accompanied with heavy thunder, and remarkably vivid lightning. The wind was about North.—The tempest continued nearly half an hour; many of the stones were more than three and a half inches in circumference. Some were picked up the morning after on the road to Easthampton, more than one inch and a half in diameter. All the injury sustained was in our windows, out of which, probably, more than a thousand squares of glass were broken in this place.

The dwelling-house of Mr. Daniel Robbins, of Satauket, was consumed by fire on Friday evening, the 20th March.

The shock of an earthquake was felt by a number of the inhabitants of Satauket, and the adjacent towns, on the 29th March, at 3 o'clock in the morning. The shock was attended with a rumbling noise resembling distant thunder, and was so severe that the windows rattled and the houses were considerably agitated. The shock was also felt in this place.

New-York, April 18.

Last night, at 11 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the cellar of the house No. 5 Burling-slip, but, by the timely exertions of the neighbours, was got under without doing any injury. There is not the least doubt but this was set on fire by some vile incendiary. The watchmen were on their posts and very attentive.

Last evening, between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock, the store of M. Judah & Co. No. 269 Pearl Street, was rifled of several articles by some person who had, it is supposed, concealed himself in the cellar until after the store was shut up, when he made his way up through the trap-door into the store, and with the articles taken decamped through the front window, which he left open.

Married.] In the city of New-York, Mr. Israel C. Holmes, to Miss Maria Cowenhoven, daughter of the late I. R. Cowenhoven of Bedford L. I. Mr. Charles Bouton, to Miss Jenette McMillan. James Orr, Esq. of Newburgh, to Miss Jane Hall. Mr. William Sherwood, to miss Hannah Wheaton. Mr. Henry Mactier, to Miss Eliza Lawrence, daughter of Augustine H. Lawrence, Esq. Mr. R. L. Barnes, to Miss Ann Barnes. Mr. Jared W. Bill, printer, formerly of Saratoga, to Mrs. Fanny Barber. Mr. John Burrows, jur. to Miss Ann Michean. Mr. John G. Winter, to Miss Lucinda Bennett. Mr. Joseph Watt, to Miss Phoebe Frayard. Mr. Patrick Kelley, to Miss Honor Cannon. Mr. John Glancy, to Miss Bridget Cunningham. Mr. Peter Thompson, to Miss Caroline G. Clussman. Mr. William Cornell, to Miss Almeria Mariana Briggs. Mr. William Conrey, to Mrs. H. Stakes. Mr. George Tredwell, to Miss Cornelia Roxanna Wetmore.

In Auburn, Mr. William Hanes, to Miss Abigail Annable. Rev. John S. Twiss, of Brutus, to Miss Desire Annable. Mr. Parley Russel, to Miss Frances Genung. At Binghampton, Mr. William H. Masters, to Miss Anne Munsell. Mr. Robert Morris, to Mrs. Man, of Union. At Bath, Mr. Thomas Matthews, to Miss Rebecca Mathews, daughter of Vincent Mathews, Esq. At Boonsborough, Mr. Michael Lingumfelty, to Miss Kitty Fart-zleluter. At Brutus, Aaron Sheldon, Esq. to Mrs. Hopley L. Walker, widow of the late John Walker. At Buffalo, Mr. Noah Fotsom,

to miss Mary Gilman. At Canandaigua, Mr. Martin Chainholt, to Miss Rosanna Vanorman. At Clarence, Mr. — Harmon, to Miss Lydia Cunningham, daughter of Mr. Layton Cunningham. At Clinton, Mr. Stephen Childs, merchant, of Owasco, to Miss Hannah Potter. Mr. Robert Nixon, of Grimsby, to miss Betsey Corwine. Mr. Franklin Hickcox, to Miss — Pixley. At Cortland, Mr. Harry McGraw, to miss Sally Barnum. Mr. Ira Bowen, to miss Waity Wadsworth. At Genoa, Mr. Nathan Sutliff, of the state of Ohio, to miss Loretta Lawrence. At Hannibal, Mr. Nathan Nelson, to miss Susan Robertson. At Ithaca, Charles Bingham, Esq. to miss Nancy Morse, formerly of Canandaigua. At Leicester, Mr. Luther Burt, jun. to miss Florinda Horton. Mr. Peter Van Gorden, to miss Patty Allen. At Manlius, Mr. George W. Holbrook, to miss Sally Cadwell. Mr. Ellory Hart, to miss Ann Wilson. At New Hartford, Warren Converse, Esq. agent of the Manchester M. Co. to miss Sophia Kellogg. At Munda, Mr. John Potter, to miss Ellen McQuillin. At Niagara, Mr. Christopher Overholt, of Clinton, to miss Pamela Lambert, daughter of Mr. Lambert, near St. Davids. At Onondaga, Mr. Lewis Gettner, to miss Eunice Gage. Mr. — Johnson, to Mrs. — Elliot. At Rushford, Mr. Morrison, to miss Fanny Kendall. At Scipio, Isaac Babcox, Esq. to miss Betsey O'Harra. Capt. Seth Thomas, to miss Caroline Rodgers. At Watertown, Mr. Alsworth Baker, to miss Aris Coffeen.

Died.] At New-York, Mr. John Juhel. Mr. Peter Peterson, aged 64. John Van Sice, jr. aged 28. Elizabeth F. Post, daughter of Allison Post. Gardner Mead, aged 18 months. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. L. A. Scollenwerck, aged 29. Mrs. Charlotte Laune, wife of Stephen P. Laupe, aged 37. Mrs. Hannah Smith, relic of the late Samuel Smith, Esq. aged 62. Majr. Gen. Peter Curtenius, of the militia. Mrs. Ann Ogden, 26.

At Albany, Hon. Chauncy Loomis, of Genesee county, senator from the western district. At Auburn, Mrs. Nelly Lowe, wife of Mr. Dennis Lowe. At Batavia, Mr. John Mulford, aged 33. At Bath, John Wilson, Esq. aged 50, clerk of the county of Steuben. At Canandaigua, Reuben Hart, Esq. aged 50. At Clarence, Miss Lois Bailey, daughter of Caleb Bailey, aged 23. At Genoa, George Huntley, aged 4 years 9 months. At Elmira, Mr. Martin Smith. At Ithaca, Henry Clark, Esq. aged 28. At Cortland, Mr. Asahel Miner, aged 39. Mr. Erastus Spalding, aged 45. Mrs. Mary Rice, aged 65. Mrs. Betsey Steadman, aged 54. A son of Zaphaniah Hicks, aged 14. At Newtown, Mr. Frederick Fridley, aged 29. At Thirty-mile Creek, Mr. David Hagar.

NEW-JERSEY.

Elizabeth-town, April 2.

Fire. On Wednesday night last, about half past ten o'clock, the terrific cry of Fire ! Fire ! was sounded in our streets, which proved to be the pottery of Thomas Boylston ; loss estimated at 7000 dollars.

Married.] At Ainwell, Com. Thomas Tinney, to miss Ann. E. Graven. At Somerville, mr. John Givan, merchant, to miss Mary Ann Everston, both of N. Jersey.

Died.] At Burlington, Isaac Collins, aged 71. Near Cranbury, mr. Joseph Brown, aged 60, as he was accompanying the remains of a neighbour to the grave.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at their late Session, passed an act appropriating half a million of dollars to internal improvements, roads, bridges, and canals ; 105,000 of which is to complete the turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Monongahela rivers, are among the first objects for "lock navigation."

An association is spoken of at Philadelphia, to establish a line of waggons between that city and Pittsburgh—to start at fixed times, and, by travelling day and night, like the mailstages, to make the journey in seven days. This may easily be accomplished when the great turnpike is finished.

Philadelphia, April 10.

Villany Detected. A few days ago a respectable mechanic of this city, received a letter from a person in New-York, signed J*** D. G*****, stating that he had before him a catalogue of his instruments, and selected such as he wished to be forwarded immediately, and for payment of which he enclosed a draft on the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank for two thousand five hundred dollars, requesting him to present it, and to remit the balance in *New-York Notes*. The order was immediately, as far as practicable, complied with,—the draft was presented, and the money paid ; some difficulty arose in procuring the New-York notes, and it was concluded best to get a Post Note of the Bank of the United States, which was very prudently cut in two, and one half forwarded, with an assurance that the other should be, on acknowledgment of the receipt of the first. During these transactions, the gentleman in New-York, from whom the draft had been stolen, wrote to his correspondent here to stop payment of it at the bank, or if paid, to ascertain to whom ; a disclosure of the fraud immediately took place ; and only just in time to prevent the forwarding of the other half of the Post Note, and most probably the ruin of a very worthy citizen. We have not heard whether the purloiner of the draft has been arrested.

Philadelphia, April 14.

Fire. Yesterday, about noon, the roof of the spacious building, No. 140, South Second street, owned by Robert Waln, Esq. and occupied by Mr. John White, was discovered to be on fire. It originated from a small oak chump, which was on fire, and which was, no doubt, intentionally put in the loft, near the roof, for the purpose of destroying the building. We understand that a servant boy has been committed on suspicion of being guilty of this wicked act.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed George F. Lehman to be Lazaretto Physician.

Alexander Knight, to be Port Physician.

Christopher O'Connor, to be Quarantine Master.

Insolvent Law. We understand Chief Justice Tilghman delivered an elaborate opinion in favour of the constitutionality of the Insolvent Law, passed the 13th March, 1812, by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which embraced the provisions of a State *Bankrupt Law*.

Oliver Evans' steam engine, used for raising water to supply Philadelphia, is calculated to raise nearly 4 millions of gallons in 24 hours.

Married.] At Philadelphia, mr. Henry Harrison, merchant, to miss Eliza Francis. Mr. Samuel W. Rush, merchant, to miss Eliza M. Johnson. John Bartlett, Jr. merchant, of Wilmington, to miss Matilda Thacher.

Died.] At Belmont, Samuel Meredith, Esq. formerly Treasurer of the United States. At Philadelphia, mr. Wm. Glenn, aged 30. Mrs. Frances S. wife of mr. R. T. Wilson, 21. Mr. Joshua Pierson. Mrs. A. Shippen, Mrs. Apolonis Kitts, 87. Mr. Benj. Mitchell, Senr. 72. Mr. Wm. Richards, 74. Mr. Felix M. Ruby, 47. Mrs. Mary Dainty. Susan Bliss, 73. Mrs. Rebecca Hays, 94 years 7 months. Capt. Henry Bartleson, 40. Mr. Peter McGauley. Doct. Jos. Woolens. Mr. William Hackara. At Pittsburgh, Capt. Jacob Carmoc, late of the 22d Regiment Infantry. At Harrisburg, Mrs. Martha Read. At Martinsburg, Wm. Pendleton, Esq. aged 68.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, April 3.

Distressing Occurrence.—Yesterday morning, immediately after breakfast, mr. Weise, (who keeps a store in Market-street,) his wife, and the remainder of his family, eight in number, were all seized with violent vomitings, in consequence it is supposed of the villany of a servant, who is believed to have put poison into the coffee. An infant child has already died under the operation ; it, however, gives us infinite pleasure to state, that the rest of the family, though deeply afflicted, are

entirely out of danger. The servant, a black fellow, has been committed for trial.

April 14.

Law. Don Joseph Almeida was lately arrested on a charge of piracy under the Spanish treaty, in virtue of a warrant issued by a justice of the peace for the state of Maryland, under the act of congress of 1789. A habeas corpus was granted by judge Bland, made returnable before Baltimore county court.

The case was argued before judge Bland and Hanson, and it was urged, among other objections on the part of the prisoner, that congress had no power under the constitution of the United States to invest any judge or justice of the peace with any judicial authority, which is confined by the constitution to the supreme court and such inferior tribunals as congress shall from time to time ordain. Both the judges concurred in supporting this objection, and gave separate and elaborate opinions, discharging the prisoner, among other reasons, for defect of authority in the magistrate on whose warrant the arrest was made.

By the above decision it is in effect declared, that no state judge or justice of the peace has power to arrest or commit any person for a violation of the laws of the United States.

Married.] At Baltimore, mr. Wm. Grant, to miss Mary Ann Burton. Mr. Israel P. Thompson, to miss Angelica Robinson.

Died.] At Baltimore, mrs. Margaret Mitchell, aged 61. Mr. Kennedy Owen, 43. Mr. William Johns, 45.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Married.] At Washington, Hon. Isham Talbot, senator of the United States, from Kentucky, to miss Adelaide Thomason. Lloyd N. Rogers, Esq. to miss Eliza Law.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond, March 29.

Freshet.—The water of James' River began to rise a little before sun-down, the evening before last. Last evening, though not so high by several feet as last autumn, the water completely covered Trent's bridge, carrying away most of the railing, and, we believe, some parts of the bridge.

Last night the water began to subside.

Norfolk, April 2.

New-fashioned swindling.—On Thursday last, a man by the name of Joseph Heate, who had several years since lived as a servant in the family of Mr. Lemuel Wells, a merchant of this city, now residing at Phillipsburgh, in West Chester county, came to the store of Mr. Henry Tenbroeck, in William street, and stated that Mr. Wells's son had died suddenly, Mr. W. being absent from home, and that Mrs. Wells had sent to town to procure mourning for herself and the family, and produced a forged order on mr.

Tenbroeck in mrs. Wells's name for the necessary articles. The villain related so many circumstances with respect to the family, which were known to be correct, and described their distress at the affliction under which he stated them to be labouring, in such strong and feeling terms, that the goods, to the amount of about 150 dollars, were delivered to him without hesitation. In the course of two or three hours, however, suspicions were accidentally excited that there had been iniquity practised, and upon inquiry it was found that a second trick of a similar character had been played at another store; upon which the police officers were sent in pursuit, and in a short time the man, with part of the goods, was found, and shortly after the remainder were discovered at two different places, and the whole recovered. The man was safely lodged in prison to await the punishment justly due for his dexterous villany.

Richmond, April 14.

Melancholy.—We regret to hear that on Saturday, as Mr. Daniel P. Organ, formerly of this city, and a most respectable man as well as merchant, was sitting at the window of a friend's house in Petersburg, a man in the street was going by with three muskets on his shoulder; one of them went off, report says accidentally, a ball from which perforated the window at which mr. Organ was sitting, and went through his head; he instantly expired. A gentleman who was in the same room, received at the same time a buck-shot in his shoulder, from the same discharge—the wound not supposed to be a dangerous one. This melancholy event must inspire every feeling bosom with compassion.—

"In the midst of life, we are indeed in death."

Married.] Majr. Henry Lee, to miss Ann R. M'Carty. Lieut. J. M. Maury, of the Navy, to miss Eliza Maury. Near Richmond, major Gen. Winfield Scott, to miss Maria D. Mayo. At Norfolk, Capt. Lewis Warrington, of the U. S. navy, to miss Martha Lane, of Northampton. mr. Michael Anderson, of N. York, to miss Louisa M'Pherson. Capt. Ethan A. Allen, of the U. S. artillery, to miss Susan Johnson.

Died.] Mr. Robert Boggess, aged 68. At Norfolk, Capt. Geo. Davis, of Portsmouth, aged 32. At Richmond, Ebenezer Preble, Esq. of Boston, brother of the late Commodore Preble.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Raleigh, April 4.

The office of Robert H. Jones, Esq. of Warrenton, containing a valuable library, &c. was lately consumed by fire. The loss supposed to be about 3,000 dollars.

Fayetteville, April 10.

On Sunday night last the northern mail stage was attacked between this town and Averasboro, and two trunks belonging to governor Middleton, member of congress from South-Carolina, and Dr. Christmas, were cut from the back part of the stage. Two men from the neighbourhood where the trunks were found, have been committed upon suspicion—but nothing definite of their guilt has yet been ascertained.

Wilmington, April 5.

A circumstance has happened in this town, which, we believe, cannot find a counterpart in the civilized world. A man, calling himself Ronald Francis Murray, came to Wilmington about eight months since, under apparent pecuniary embarrassments, and was received by the community with that open confidence and hospitality, so common and so natural amongst the citizens of the south. He was a man of much literary information, and by his dialect, and by his own account, believed to be a Scotchman; although he was capable of assuming almost any character, as the event will show. He first established himself in the good opinion of the heads of one of the most respectable commercial houses in this place, by his assiduity and attention to business, and became, we understand, the first agent of the counting room. Meantime a general approbation came from every quarter, of the excellent talents of the sojourner, and all endeavoured to bring comfort to the "EXILE!" He became an inmate of a family, (the name of which delicacy forbids us to mention) of the first standing and of acknowledged piety and honour. A confiding father gave a daughter to his arms!—A daughter whose age did not exceed sixteen; and on whom her anxious parents had bestowed an education commensurate to her rank in life, and which her natural innocence and virtue deserved. He had been married about six weeks, when, after forging the names of those who had first given him sustenance, and selling a false check to the man who had given him his child, he clandestinely departed, leaving despair and grief in the mansion where he had met hospitality and love; and astonishment and hatred in circles where he found respect and friendship. The crimes of which he has been guilty, as concerns the pecuniary affairs of individuals, are virtues when compared with the deadly blow he has given to domestic happiness and social intercourse. He has extended the hand of friendship, but friendship startles at the recollection of him. The blooming hopes of beauty will shrivel at the mention of his name, and parental affection will be tortured with a jealousy that will keep the virtuous and sincere asunder. To form a just idea of *Murray*, reason must resign her-

self to imagination, and search for all that is base and infamous;—language cannot speak of him as he is.

IMPORTANT JUDICIAL DECISION.

At the late superior Court of Law, of John-son county, one John S. Tarr was offered as witness and objected to, upon the ground of defect to religious principle. Witnesses were called, who deposed, that on divers occasions Tarr had declared that he did not believe there was either heaven or hell! nor any future rewards or punishment! It was contended on the other side, that Tarr should be sworn to declare whether he believed in a God, and in a future state of rewards and punishments.

The Judge, C. J. Taylor, said that, on the one hand, it would be incongruous to permit a man to be sworn, when the very question was, whether he was qualified to swear; and on the other, that he agreed with those who held that a man should not be compelled to declare opinions which go to disgrace and degrade him: he could not therefore permit a man to be exposed to such temptation to suppress the truth.

Tarr was rejected as utterly incompetent to give evidence, and as a person to whose oath the law gives no credit.

Died.] At Fayetteville, Mr. Thomas M. Rankin. Wm. Littlejohn, Esq.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, March 28.

Mr. Caldwell received on his benefit night, about 2,000 dollars; a greater sum than was ever before, here, received for a benefit.

Sugar, made in South Carolina, has been refined in this city.

Died.] William H. Williamson, Esq. aged sixty.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, Feb. 28.

A large and extensive merchant-mill, almost new, together with a saw-mill and cotton-gin, situate on Savannah river, belonging to Mr. Rambert, took fire, we understand, on Monday night, the 17th inst. and the whole of the buildings were entirely consumed. In the mill-house, we learn, there were considerable quantities of flour, corn, and other articles; and in the gin-house, a quantity of cotton. The loss to the owner, we have heard, is estimated at upwards of 25,000 dollars.

The Female Asylum of Savannah, received 1,540 dollars 25 cents, at a late anniversary celebration of its foundation.

Died.] At Savannah, Dr. George V. Proctor. In Darien, Georgia, Lieut. William H. Brailsford, of the United States' navy, aged 25, lately of the Independence.

LOUISIANA.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the army, dated "Baton Rouge, Feb. 21.

"In passing through the country laying on the north side of the Tennessee river, and recently acquired by treaty from the Indians, I discovered a more rapid influx of population, than has, perhaps, ever taken place in the western country. From every state there are emigrants; among them some of the most abject and miserable creatures on earth, resolutely determined, like faithful pioneers, to carry their object into effect. Resolute they must be, for whites and Indians are frequently found in possession of the same uncomfortable wigwam.

New-Orleans, March 7.

A daring robbery has lately been committed upon a pirogue belonging to Mr. Menard, about 5 miles up the river. The plunderers appeared to be sailors.

March 18.

A fracas took place this day at the Levee, between the captain and crew of an English ship, on the one side, and some French seamen on the other. The riot proceeded to such an extremity as to require the interposition of the United States' militia, under Lieut. Ripley, to quell it. One of the English sailors was killed, and several wounded.

KENTUCKY.

The Kentucky papers estimate the damage done by the late freshet at half a million of dollars. The river had risen 50 feet.—At the latest dates the water was falling. A great number of hogheads of tobacco had been carried down the current, chiefly from the counties of Madison, Clark, and Jessamine.

OHIO.

Zanesville, Feb. 27.

Another mail robbery.—A letter was received on Monday evening last, from Wheeling, by the post-master at this place, stating, that on the night of the 21st inst. the mail was broken open and robbed, after being taken from the post-office to the stage-house, whence it was to proceed next morning. Two persons, heretofore concerned in carrying the mail, have been arrested.

Cincinnati, March 7.

Came to anchor off this place on Monday morning last, the fine brig *Cincinnati*, 170 tons burden, from the ship yard at Columbia, where she was built.

This beautiful vessel, in the elegance of her model and workmanship, probably surpasses any vessel heretofore built on the Ohio; she is pronounced by seafaring men (of whom by the by we are not destitute, although our port is situated some sixteen hundred miles from the sea) a handsome specimen of the art of ship building. She

is now receiving her cargo, and will sail in all next week, wind and tide permitting, for Boston.

INDIANA.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Corydon, Indiana.

"Since the last sales of public lands in this state, land has risen in price, and population increases, at a rate vastly over any period heretofore.

"Our seat of government is established at this place for nine years; the permanent seat will, undoubtedly, be in that section of the state at this time belonging to the Delaware Indians. There is no probability of a removal till that country is purchased and settled; nor is there a probability that any money reserved for the opening of great state roads will be appropriated previous to the year 1820. The state of Indiana possesses ample means to erect public schools and seminaries, in regular gradation, from township schools to a state university, with proper management; but the fund will remain inactive till the year 1820—having determined to sell no lands for these valuable ends until after that period.

"The state is well calculated for good roads. From Jeffersonville to Vincennes, part of the way is rather broken, but with some expense it can be made good. From Vincennes to Kaskaskias the country is level, dry, and well calculated for good roads—the greater part of the way through prairies or natural meadows."

Died.] At Vevay, Mr. Smith Caldwell.

Near St. Louis, Major Horace Stark, of the U. S. army, and four others, drowned in crossing the Mississippi.

MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

Captain Pierce, of the U. S. army, lately arrived at Albany from Fort Michilimackinac, which is situated at the head of Lake Huron, and at the entrance of Lake Michigan. He left the fort on the 11th of March, on foot, with a soldier and an Indian guide—and arrived in 14 days at Detroit, a distance of 450 miles, in the boisterous month of March. He undertook this bold and hazardous enterprise, in contempt of the dangers and fatigues attending it, in opposition to the advice of his brother officers. Capt. Pierce coasted the south shore of Huron on the ice to Sagara bay, thence up the Sagara river 21 miles, thence steering a south east direction, taking an Indian track, through the wilderness, crossing the rivers Trent and Huron to Detroit, thence to Buffalo, also on foot.

Capt. Pierce represents the lands on the Sagara, of an excellent quality, and most beautifully situated; the river bold and navigable for 21 miles, with large prairies from 4 to 6 miles deep. From Sagara to Flint river, 15 miles, a level country, lands excellent and

well timbered :—From thence to Flint river, a waving country, not broken nor high hills : from thence to the river Huron, 30 miles from Detroit, the face of the country and soil very much resemble that of the county of Cayuga, in this state, principally clothed with

oak, a very open country, and no under-wood, interspersed with small beautiful lakes abounding with fish of a superior quality ; from Huron to Detroit, generally a low flat country, susceptible of being drained and cultivated, the soil deep and rich.

ART. 14. NOTICES OF PROPOSED PUBLICATIONS.

KIRK & MERCEIN,

PROPOSE, to publish by subscription, *'The Life of Robert Fulton, by his friend Cadwallader D. Colden; read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of the State of New-York, comprising some Account of the Invention, Progress, and Establishment of Steam-Boats; of his Improvements in the Construction and Navigation of Canals, and other objects of public utility. With a likeness of Mr. Fulton. 8 vo. pp. 400. Price to subscribers 2 dls. 50 cts. On extra paper, with proof impressions of the portrait, 4 dls. Those who procure 8 subscribers, and will guarantee the payment, shall be entitled to one copy gratis.*

The author of this interesting biography, with distinguished liberality, has relinquished the profits accruing from the publication of the work, to the society of which the deceased was a member, and before which this memoir was read ; and the society, in the same commendable spirit of liberality, have resolved to appropriate the proceeds of it, to the erection of a Pedestrian Statue, in honour of their late illustrious associate. Thus, apart from the gratification to be derived from perusing the volume, the public have a powerful inducement to patronize an undertaking connected with so honourable an object.

WILLIAM A. MERCEIN, proposes to publish by subscription, an engraved likeness of the **HON. DE WITT CLINTON**, from an original painting by Jarvis. Price to subscribers, in black, 3 dls. coloured, 4 dls.

T. & W. MERCEIN, have now in press, and will be published on Monday, May 4, 1817, *The Official Reports of the Canal Commissioners of the State of New-York, and the Acts of the Legislature respecting Navigable Communications between the Great Western and Northern Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean; with perspicuous Maps and Profiles. Published at the request of the board of Canal Commissioners.*

The subject to which this publication relates, is of paramount importance to the state of New-York. The execution of this magnificent system of inland navigation, will treble the value of lands in the interior, and will, in a few years after its completion, render this city not only the greatest mart in America, but one of the first commercial emporiums in the world. The feasibility of the plan is, to our apprehension, demonstrated in these documents ; which are accompanied by an accurate survey of the contemplated routes. We congratulate our fellow citizens on the flattering prospects which are opened to them, by the legislative sanction to an enterprise, which in its progress or effects, will, directly or indirectly, benefit every class of the community.

W. B. GILLEY, has just received, and will put to press, *"Six Weeks at Long's,"* a new and popular novel, containing characters from real life, in the higher classes of the British Metropolis.

He has in press, *A new revised and much enlarged narrative of the life of the Rev. Joseph C. F. Frey, the celebrated converted Jew,* to which is now added, an account of the *Rise and Progress of the London Society*, with much other interesting matter.

The Ornaments Discovered, a tale for youth, by the author of *"Aunt Mary's Tales."*

The Book of Common Prayer, handsome miniature edition.

In the press at New-York, and shortly will be published, with additions, a new edition of *Tyler's Elements of Ancient and Modern History*, by **F. NICHOLS**.

* * Booksellers who wish to have publications noticed in the monthly catalogue, will please to favour the Editor with copies of them.

ART. 15. MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BY A. T. GOODRICH & Co. *The Pastor's Fire-Side*, a novel by Miss Porter, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *Scottish Chiefs*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. price 2 dls. in extra boards.

The reputation of this lady as a novelist, ranks high in the general estimation. Our avocations have not permitted us to do more than look at this work. We believe it will be found interesting, though the attempt to excite interest is strained. We disapprove of the introduction of real characters in works of this class. The provinces of fiction and history should be kept as distinct as possible; or, at least, the privilege of blending them should be confined to *epics*. Connexions of the kind

we allude to, degrade the one, without dignifying the other. This objection, however, is equally applicable to all Miss Porter's productions, and has not prevented their popularity.

Letter on Febrile Contagion, addressed to David Hosack, M. D. F. R. S. F. L. S. Professor, &c. &c. by John W. Francis, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of New-York, &c. &c. Printed by Clayton & Fanshaw.

W. B. GILLEY, has just published, *The Pastor's Fire-Side*, a novel by Miss JANE PORTER, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. price 2 dls. Also a very handsome edition of *Thompson's Seasons*, and the *Castle of Indolence*, with 4 elegant wood and 2 copperplate engravings, from new designs, by WESTALL, of the Royal Academy. 1 dill.

ART. 16. ANNUAL REPORT OF DISEASES TREATED AT THE PUBLIC DISPENSARY, NEW-YORK, DURING THE YEAR 1816.

ACUTE DISEASES.

	No. of cases.		
Febris intermittens	48	Enteritis	2
Febris remittens	15	Cystitis	1
Febris continua	67	Hysteritis	1
Phlegmone	13	Rheumatismus acutus	21
Phrenitis	1	Hæmoptisis	5
Ophthalmia	18	Dysenteria	37
Otitis	6	Cholera	49.
Catarrhus	14	Apoplexia	1
Cynanche tonsillaris	5	Urticaria	1
———— pharyngea	6	Rubeola	17
———— trachealis	2	Erysipelas	13
Mastitis	3	Variola	76
Pertussis	6	Varicella	18.
Pneumonia	171	Vaccinia	2784
Pneumonia typhodes	15	Convulsio	8
Gastritis	1	Abortus	4
		Hydrocephalus acutus	2

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Asthénia	47	Tetanus	1
Cephalæa	21	Neuralgia	1
Vertigo	12	Epilepsia	2
Paralysis	5	Asthma	5
Dyspepsia	63	Colica	9
Gastrodynia	15	Colica pictorum	1
Enterodynia	13	Nephralgia	6
Nymphomania	1		

Hysteralgia	9	Dysmenorrhæa	13
Hysteria	13	Dyslochia	1
Melancholia	2	Plethora	22
Hypochondriasis	1	Anasarca	7
Mania	2	Hydrothorax	5
Catarrhus chronicus	46	Ascites	3
Phthisis	34	Scrophula	14
Rheumatismus chronicus	74	Marasmus	7
Pleurodynia	9	Tabes mesenterica	5
Lumbago	8	Verminatio	58
Sciatica	3	Syphilis	43
Urethritis	59	Pseudo-syphilis	2
Hydarthrus	1	Scirrhus	9
Epistaxis	1	Carcinoma	2
Hæmoptisis	5	Exostosis	1
Hæpatirrhæa	1	Hernia	6
Hæmorrhoids	21	Prolapsus Uteri	2
Menorrhagia	16	Luxatio	19
Otirrhæa	3	Fractura	11
Ptyalismus	1	Contusio	25
Diarrhæa	67	Vulnus	20
Leucorrhæa	17	Abscessus	27
Obstipatio	59	Ulcus	36
Dysuria	5	Adustio	13
Amenorrhæa	18	Morbi Cutanei Chronici	164

Medicine has its foundation in nature and truth; and like every other branch of knowledge grounded on observation and experience, must necessarily be progressive. It presents to its votaries an inexhaustible field for discovery; and is far from having arrived at a state of ultimate perfection, notwithstanding we are in the possession of the accumulated observations of more than two thousand years. Its principles are not to be inferred from abstract speculations, from conclusions of reason or argument, but are the result of attentive observation and liberal inquiry. They are founded chiefly on innumerable facts, that have been discovered through the successive periods of time, and recorded in the writings of almost numberless authors of different nations and languages,—from Hippocrates down to the present day. These furnish the grounds or fundamental parts of the science, particularly of the pathological and curative branches.

Such being the nature and state of Medicine, every attempt to add to the

stock of practical information, or to amass materials for general conclusions, is certainly deserving of approbation. Indeed, it is incumbent on every person engaged in the profession, to contribute his mite to the general mass, and anxiously to endeavour to render the fruits of his observation and experience “subservient, not merely to his own improvement, but also to the instruction of others, and to the advancement of the healing art.” There is assuredly much reason to regret that, many facts, which if communicated to the public, might materially improve the medical art, are daily lost, from the indolence or neglect of those to whom they have occurred. The addition of a single fact to the stock of medical observations, is of more real value, than volumes written in support of a favourite hypothesis.

The present periodical Report of diseases, being the first of a series proposed to be offered to the public, it may be proper to observe, that their avowed object is to present a faithful record of

facts. They will, as in the present instance, be taken from the practice of the New-York Public Dispensary, in which there are annually treated the cases of more than three thousand patients. The Reporter being one of the attending physicians to that extensive charity, and useful school of practical medicine, feels it a duty which he owes to the profession, to communicate a part of the fruits of his experience : and his observations, he trusts, will be the more valuable from being made among a class of the community most exposed to the influence of the weather, the vicissitudes of the seasons, and other morbid causes. The wide range of observation afforded by a large and well regulated public Dispensary, will warrant the assertion, that the practice of such an Institution, presents opportunities of improvement and instruction, far superior to those possessed by practitioners in general, and even to those enjoyed by the physicians of a public Hospital, in which a disease is rarely seen until it be considerably advanced, and then only in an "artificial situation," divested of its original localities, or those surrounding circumstances by which it was modified or influenced. The great facility of access to a Dispensary, on the contrary, gives to the medical attendant opportunities of observing, and carefully watching a disease through all its progressively varying stages, from the moment of its invasion, to its termination ; and that, too, in the very spot where it originated, and surrounded by the circumstances which affect it.

With these general observations, the Reporter proceeds to offer a few brief remarks on some of the diseases of 1816, a year remarkable for the unexampled coolness and dryness of the greater part of the spring and summer seasons.

The present periodical account of diseases, may, with some exceptions, be regarded as a tolerably exact epitome or general view of the state of Epidemics, and the relative proportion of

different disorders to each other, whether chronic or acute, as they prevail throughout the city.

The different kinds of fevers, enumerated in the above catalogue of diseases, in general, presented nothing untoward in their symptoms, and for the most part, yielded very readily to the remedies usually prescribed for their relief. Under the head of Continued Fevers, are enumerated the Synochus and Typhus, in their different degrees and varieties, whether arising from contagion, or produced by the operation of cold, and other debilitating causes.

It will be seen by a perusal of the foregoing list, that the most prevalent diseases of New-York, are affections of the lungs and bronchia. No less than one hundred and eighty-six cases of Pneumonia alone, are recorded in the table. The far greater part of these appeared in that form of pulmonic inflammation denominated Peripneumonia. In several of these the patient complained of a difficulty of breathing, with a sense of load, tightness, and oppression of the chest, rather than of actual pain ; which symptoms were sometimes attended with a state of debility or general depression of strength, that seemed to render the use of the lancet inadmissible. Blisters to the chest, aperient medicines, diaphoretics, and preparations of squill, or sometimes of antimony, were the remedies which seemed to give the most certain relief.

The only unusual epidemic disease, that will be found upon the list, is that of small pox, which was most prevalent during the autumn and winter of 1815-16, and destroyed during its visitation (as appears from an inspection of the bills of mortality for the city) more than 250 persons ! a circumstance the more to be lamented, inasmuch as the public are in the possession of a safe and effectual preventive. The principal cause, perhaps, which led to the extermination of this loathsome disease, was the general diffusion of vaccination among the poor ; of whom more than

four thousand were vaccinated from the Dispensary alone, during the prevalence of the epidemic. Of this number not a single instance of the occurrence of the small-pox after the vaccine disease, has come before the Dispensary.—In connexion with the present subject, it may be proper to mention an extraordinary instance of the communication of small pox, to the fœtus in utero, which came under the observation of the writer in the month of March, 1816.—A Mrs. W——, of this city, who had formerly gone through the small pox, was a few days before lying-in, casually exposed to the variolous contagion. She went her full time, and was delivered of a living child, which sickened on the second day after birth, and on the fourth and fifth days, was covered with eruptions of a confluent small pox. The child died on the nineteenth day. It is almost superfluous to mention that the mother did not take the disorder, or show any visible marks of its operation. As to the disease with which the infant was affected, being a genuine and well marked case of small pox, there could not be the smallest doubt; and in this opinion the reporter was further confirmed by the concurrence of Dr. Hosack, whom he requested to see the case. A similar instance of the communication of small pox is recorded by Dr. Mead; and cases by Dr. Jenner, in the first volume of the *Medico Chirurgical Transactions* of London. One practical inference to be drawn from them is, that it is dangerous both to the mother and the child, for a pregnant woman to expose herself to the contagion of small pox, even though she may have had that disease.

The cases of varicella, or chicken pox, were chiefly of the confluent kind, and by an inattentive observer, might easily have been mistaken for small pox.

The other principal acute disorders that remain to be noticed, consisted mostly of a few cases of rheumatism; inflammation of the eyes and throat; dysentery; and cholera, chiefly of infants.

On the subject of chronic complaints, some remarks will be offered in future numbers. The most prevalent, and at the same time most important ones, during the period under consideration, were asthenia, or cases of general debility, comprehending a large proportion of diseases usually denominated nervous; chronic rheumatisms; catarrhal and pulmonary affections; disorders of the stomach, intestinal canal, and uterine system; and lastly, a large number of chronic eruptions of the skin, of various kinds, but chiefly the scabies; the papulous eruptions, particularly the prurigo, or severe itching of the skin, both general and local; the porrigo, or scald-head; some tubercular affections; the humid, or running, and the dry, or scaly tetter; the pityriasis or dandruff; and a case of lepra. In tracing the origin and causes of these affections of the skin, they were often found to be connected with a general vitiated habit of body, sometimes with disorders of the stomach, with obstructions of some of the viscera, or a state of asthenia, or general debility. But the most frequent of all causes, was the habitual neglect of cleanliness.

In some cases of chronic rheumatism which came under the treatment of the Reporter, after proper evacuations, the most decided benefits were experienced from the use of the Peruvian bark, and the *Pulvis Doveri*, given at night. As an embrocation to the affected joints, the patients were sometimes ordered equal parts of the volatile and soap liniments, with a small quantity of *Tinctura Opii*.

The case of Tetanus arose from a wound in the bottom of the foot, by a nail. As the patient was removed to the Hospital, the result is not known. An unequivocal case of Neuralgia, or *Tic Douloureux*, was cured by the liberal use of bark, after the failure of many remedies usually prescribed in that disorder.

The intemperate use of spiritous liquors, and the abuse of tobacco, evi-

dently laid the foundation for most of the cases of dyspepsia and gastrodynia.

One of the cases of Pseudo-Syphilis was of the tubercular kind of eruption, and arose from a primary burrowing ulcer of the ankle and foot, occurring in a person of a debilitated habit of body. Its cure was effected by the use of antimonials, Dover's powder, and a decoction of the woods, with a course of tonics.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M. D.

New-York, January, 1817.

ART. 17. MISCELLANY.

From James's Travels in Sweden, Prussia, &c.

THE following narrative of an extraordinary vision of Charles XI. is taken from an account written with the king's own hand, attested by several of his ministers of state, and preserved in the Royal Library at Stockholm.

'Charles XI. it seems, sitting in his chamber between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, was surprised at the appearance of a light in the window of the hall of the diet: he demanded of the grand chancellor, Bjelke, who was present, what it was that he saw, and was answered that it was only the reflection of the moon; with this however he was dissatisfied; and the senator, Bjelke, soon after entering the room, he addressed the same question to him, but received the same answer. Looking afterwards again through the window, he thought he observed a crowd of persons in the hall: upon this, said he, Sirs, all is not as it should be;—in the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be. Ordering the two noblemen before-mentioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brahe, to accompany him, he sent for Grunsten the door-keeper, and descended the stair-case leading to the hall.

'Here the party seem to have been sensible of a certain degree of trepidation, and no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the anti-chamber: to their infinite surprise, it was fitted up with black cloth: alarmed at this extraordinary circumstance, a second pause occurred; at length the king set his foot within the hall, but

fell back in astonishment at what he saw; again, however, taking courage, he made his companions promise to follow him, and advanced. The hall was lighted up and arrayed with the same mournful hangings as the anti-chamber: in the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large volumes lying open before them: above was the king, a young man of 16 or 18 years of age, with the crown on his head and sceptre in his hand. On his right hand sat a personage of about 40 years old, whose face bore the strongest marks of integrity; on his left an old man of 70, who seemed very urgent with the young king that he should make a certain sign with his head, which as often as he did, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with violence.

'Turning my eyes, says he, a little further, I beheld a scaffold and executioners, and men with their clothes tucked up, cutting off heads one after the other so fast, that the blood formed a deluge on the floor: those who suffered were all young men. Again I looked up and perceived the throne behind the great table almost overturned; near to it stood a man of forty, that seemed the protector of the kingdom. I trembled at the sight of these things, and cried aloud—"It is the voice of God!—What ought I to understand?—When shall all this come to pass?—A dead silence prevailed; but on my crying out a second time, the young king answered me, saying, 'This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age as I appear now to have, and this personage sitting beside

me gives you the air of him that shall be the regent and protector of the realm. During the last year of the regency, the country shall be sold by certain young men, but he shall then take up the cause, and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne on a sure footing; and this in such a way, that never was before, or ever afterwards shall be seen in Sweden so great a king. All the Swedes shall be happy under him; the public debts shall be paid; he shall leave many millions in the treasury, and shall not die but at a very advanced age: yet before he is firmly seated on his throne shall an effusion of blood take place unparalleled in history. You, added he, who are king of this nation, see that he is advertised of these matters: you have seen all: act according to your wisdom.

‘Having thus said, the whole vanished, and (adds he) we saw nothing but ourselves and our flambeaus, while the anti-chamber through which we passed on returning was no longer clothed in black.—“*Nous entrames dans mes appartemens, et je me mis aussitôt à écrire ce que j’avois vu: ainsi que les avertissements, aussi bien que je le puis. Que le tout est vrai, je le jure sur ma vie et mon honneur, autant que le Dieu m’aide le corps et l’ame.*”

“Charles XI. aujourd’hui Roi de Suède.”

“L’an 1691, 17 Dec.

“Comme témoins et présents sur les lieux nous avons vu tout ce que S. M. a rapporté, et nous, l’affirmons par notre serment, autant que Dieu nous aide pour le corps et l’ame. H. L. Bjelke, Gr. Chancelier du Royaume,—Bjelke, Sénateur,—Brahe, Sénateur,—Ax. Oxenstierna, Sénateur,—Petre Grunsten, Huissier.”

‘The whole story is curious, and well worth attention; but unless the young king’s ghostly representative made an error in his chronological calculation, it will be difficult to reconcile the time specified with that which is yet to come. I can offer no explanation,

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and bequeath the whole, like the hieroglyphic in Moore’s Almanack, “to the better ingenuity of my readers.”—pp. 160—163.

Fletcher of Salton. The following anecdote is contained in a letter from Lord Hailes to the Earl of Buchan, in relation to Fletcher of Salton, of whom the Earl proposed to publish a life.

‘A footman of his desired to be dismissed,—“Why do you leave me?” said he; “Because, to say the truth, I cannot bear your temper.”—“To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on, than it is off.”—“Yes,” replied the footman, “and it is no sooner off, than it is on.”’

For the American Magazine.

NEW-YORK CONSERVATORIO.

The taste for music is rapidly advancing in this country, and especially in our city.

Models of excellence in this art are daily exhibited to our citizens, and an increasing attention is given to it, both as a branch of polite education, and as a source of innocent and rational amusement.

It follows that the bad music, and wretched performance in our churches is more and more perceived and regretted.

To improve our church music effectually, something more than singing-schools is necessary. A support should be offered to such professors as are competent to teach in every department of the science and practice of music, and who are inclined, from principle, to devote their labours to the church.

No one ought to be received as a leader in the devotions of the sanctuary who is not an adept in music, both as a science and an art. The study and practice requisite to qualify a person for that duty, will necessarily preclude him from other employments than those which pertain to his profession; and his office in the church, should prevent his receiving emolument at the theatre,

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or entering into other engagements incompatible with his station.

If it be of importance to have professors to lead in our churches who have a cultivated taste, and a knowledge of the principles of music, it is of primary importance to establish an institution in which these principles shall be taught, and where this taste shall be cultivated.

This seems emphatically an age when different denominations of Christians are combining their efforts to spread the benign influence of the gospel of Christ. This unity of effort in a great measure allays the asperity of conflicting opinions, and extends and strengthens the bonds of Christian charity.

There are grounds on which all sectarians may meet and harmonize. The appropriateness of vocal praises in the sanctuary is one of those points on which all agree.

The American Conservatorio seems to be formed on a plan well calculated to promote the desirable object of improving sacred music.

If suitable encouragement be given to it,—if the churches will unite in its support,—it may be matured into a seminary, where musical genius may receive an elevating impulse that will consecrate its efforts.

Much has been already done by the Conservatorio with but very little pecuniary aid. Compositions have been produced and exhibited in it, which will not suffer by a comparison with any in the world. A solo singer has been already formed, who has no competitor, and who will devote himself exclusively to the service of the church, if a competent support be afforded for the institution.

The system of instruction in singing, in composition, and for instruments, which has been adopted, is that which has been used in the first conservatorios in Europe, and would probably not have been introduced here, but for this institution.

The rapid progress which pupils

make, and the pleasure which they derive from it, are the best comments on its excellence. A class of from one to two hundred, by attending three times in each week for one hour during three months, may be instructed to sing any common music at sight, and at the same time to know more of the principles than can be learnt by any other method.

Music was the first thing heard after the creation, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. As a science, it is deep, complex, and interesting.—As an art, it is capable of calling into action all the finest feelings of our nature. It can even excite and elevate devotion. Let it, then, be hallowed to this exalted purpose. P.

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THERE is a degree of sprightliness in the following letter, which we copy from the Gentleman's Magazine, of November last, that induces us easily to overlook the national vanity that it betrays. It bears to have been written by a tourist, in 1815.

“My last letter left me at Ath, in the province of Hainault. On our arrival at the Inn, we were told that the company were just sitting down to dinner at the Table d'hôte, and I proposed to my fellow travellers (the English party whom I had joined at Lisle) that we should take pot-luck with our host. The moment we entered the room, where we found a numerous party, male and female, it was evident, before we opened our lips, that we were recognized to be of British growth. I could hear some of the company whisper, *Ce sont des Anglois*; and the eyes of the female part of the company were very significantly directed towards the young lady who was of our party. Being aware that this page will meet that lady's eye, I forbear indulging my pen in a strain of panegyric which otherwise would be grateful to my feelings, although I hope I may be pardoned for

the application of the following beautiful couplet from Goldsmith :

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

"I have also remarked, wherever I have travelled abroad, that the name of an Englishman is of itself a sufficient passport to civility and respect; although I believe it happens not unfrequently, that our fair country-women are eyed by their own sex with manifest indication of envy and jealousy, more especially in France, where vanity and the love of flattery form so conspicuous a part of the female character. There is, generally speaking, in English women, an air of sedateness and modesty, or, to use a scriptural expression, of *shamefacedness*, which, while it is pleasing to men, even of profligate habits, naturally subjects them to the sneers and ridicule of those artificial females (and such abound in France, Belgium, and the German courts, 'as thick as locusts on the banks of Nile') who seem to think the glory of their sex consists in a bold mien, forward looks, and pert loquacity. This thought was forcibly suggested to my mind by the behaviour of some of the female guests at our Table d'hôte, from whom I obtained a happy relief after dinner in a walk round the ramparts with my fair fellow-traveller.

So when the sun's broad beam hath tir'd the sight,

All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Pope.

"Before I dismiss our Table d'hôte, however, I must observe, that I happened to be seated next to a decayed French gentleman of fashion and rank, who wore various *insignia* of his attachment to the house of Bourbon, and who had been many years an emigrant in England. He had acquired a strong relish for our customs and diversions, particularly the diversion of fox-hunting, which he considers as the noblest of all pursuits, and thought an English fox-hunting squire the most enviable of

all human beings. Upon finding that I came from L—c—t—sh—, his eye glistered while he thus addressed me. *Eh bien! Monsieur; il faut que vous aimez la Chasse*, and, grasping my hand, he exclaimed in an elevated tone of voice, *Yoicks—Tally-ho—Tantivy*. The company pricked up their ears at sounds so unusual, which he told them formed part of the delightful vocabulary of *Messieurs les Chasseurs Anglois*; and then, turning round to me, he asked the following question, *Dites moi, Monsieur, qui est le premier Chasseur d'Angleterre à present?* by which he meant me to understand that he wished to know who was at the head of the L—c—t—sh hounds; and whether the immortal Meynell had left a successor worthy of himself: to which he subjoined, 'How I envy your happiness in being within reach of Quorndon Hunt!' 'Happiness, Sir,' I replied, 'is a relative term; and I am so far a stranger to happiness in your estimation, that I never once, during the whole course of my life, galloped after a fox.' '*Mon Dieu*,' said he, shrugging up his shoulders with amazement, '*est il possible?*' 'But, Monsieur le Chavalier,' said an English gentleman, who sat *vis à vis*, a great lover of the chase, 'I presume I am addressing a Catholic.' 'Most assuredly, sir.' 'Permit me to ask you one question: What would you think of your Father Confessor, if you were to see him mad at a fox-chase?' '*Ma foi, Monsieur, c'est une autre chose*; I should be shocked at such a sight.' 'And so should I,' replied the Englishman, 'to see the Vicar of my parish bawling out *Yoicks* and *Tally ho*, and riding *Tantivy* with roaring lords, squires, gamblers, and grooms, amidst volleys of cursing and swearing.' 'But, Sir,' rejoined the Chevalier, 'I have seen in England, black coats as eager in the chase as red coats.' 'And more shame for them,' said the honest English squire; adding, 'you may rest assured that Clerical fox-hunters are generally held in great contempt by

the thinking part of the laity, especially when, to borrow the words of a hunting-song, 'they renew the chase over the bowl;' and I am confident of being backed by the suffrages of the whole Quorndon hunt, from the *premier Chasseur* himself, down to the whipper-in, that a Priest of that description is one of the last men upon earth to whom they would have recourse either for advice or consolation in the hour of perplexity and distress.' I remarked that a considerable reformation had taken place among us in regard to Clerical sportsmen since the days of Mr. Meynell; and that I had good reason to think there were few districts in the kingdom of equal extent, that could produce a greater number of truly pious and learned Parish Priests than the county of L—c—t—r. 'What a pity it is,' said a Popish Cure, who was at my elbow, 'that men so estimable in all other respects should lack one thing—even the *sine qua non* of being within the pale of the true Catholic church.' 'I am not aware, Sir,' said I, 'of our lacking that one thing in the church whereof I have the happiness to be a member, which I am firmly persuaded is a sound limb of the Catholic body.' 'You mean of Christ's visible church.' 'I do, Sir,' 'Then please to give us your definition of that church.' 'Most willingly, Sir; and you shall have it in the very words of one of the articles of religion which our clergy are required to subscribe—"The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered, according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." Upon this solid and impregnable foundation, Sir, I set my foot, believing that "the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail against it." It is needless to add, that we could not come to an agreement about some of the terms of this definition, inasmuch as neither of us seemed willing to quit his strong-hold,

namely, the Bible on the one hand, and the Council of Trent on the other. After a little skirmishing on the threshold of the controversy between the Romanists and the Protestants respecting the *true church*, Monsieur le Cure was summoned to take his departure in a stage-coach wherein was a passenger; and we took a kind leave of each other, with the expression of a charitable wish on his part that we might meet in those regions of peace and love, where the voice of controversy is never heard. Coffee was then introduced, according to the general custom on the continent after dinner; and the French Cavalier, finding there was a fox-hunter of the party, resumed his favourite subject of conversation. He inquired about the Nimrods of England with an eagerness that reminded me of the following lines in Virgil, wherein Dido questions Æneas about the heroes who had figured in the siege of Troy:

Multa super Priamo rogitant, super Hectore multa:
Nunc, quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis,
Nunc, quales Diomedis equi, nunc, quantus Achilles.

He said he had been at Donington Park, the princely residence of the Earl of Moira, on the beauties of which he expatiated *con amore*, and spoke with admiration of the hospitalities of the noble earl to the French Princes, and many more of his exiled countrymen, who owed him a debt of gratitude which they could never sufficiently repay. 'He is, indeed,' replied the gentleman whom he addressed, 'worthy of the warmest eulogy you can bestow upon him—noble in soul, as well as by blood; and it may truly be said of him, that the amplest means are scarcely commensurate with the generous feelings which warm and actuate his heart.' At parting, my friend gave him an invitation to his house, if ever he should be induced to visit England; and the last words of the Cavalier were, 'Ah, Sir! my happiness would be great indeed, if I could once more hear the music of an English pack of fox-hounds.'

“After dinner I took a survey of Ath, a small, but very neat town, well fortified, and pleasantly situated upon the river Dender. It consists only of one parish. The church, the Hotel de ville, the governor’s residence, and the arsenal, are handsome edifices. The ramparts are prettily shaded by trees; and the Dender adds much to the beauty of the surrounding scenery. There was once here (I mean before the accession of the Emperor Joseph the Second, and the subjugation of the Netherlands to Revolutionary France) a college of secular priests, who taught the *litera humaniores*; and this seminary used to furnish the university of Louvain with many of her brightest ornaments. There were also several religious houses here, male and female, which since my former visit to this country, upwards of twenty years ago, have shared the common fate of all the Monastic institutions. Notwithstanding my staunch Protestantism, I sighed during the course of my tour over the ruins of many a Convent, and tenderly sympathized with many a monk and nun in their privations and sufferings; nor can I forbear transcribing from an interesting book*, to which I made frequent references in my former tour, the following passages in regard to the effects of Monachism in the Low Countries:—“Justice requires that the merits of the religious orders in these lands should not be forgotten. Let it be remembered that the monks gave the first lessons of agriculture in this country, and that the rude wastes of Flanders were converted into fruitful fields by the labour of holy men. If too large a share of the lands has been allotted to convents and monasteries, yet let it be remembered that the wealth of the religious houses has been employed chiefly in hospitable acts, in the encouragement of elegant arts, and in the construction of edifices that have adorned the country; whilst the farmer has found in the fathers of the convent, whose lands he rented, humane and in-

dulgent landlords. The leisure of the cloister has not always been wasted in indolence: among the monks in this country have been found men that were eminent in arts or letters; and the Abbots here, as formerly in England, have stood forth the advocates of the liberty of the people. It may be added also, that the lives of the religious have been for the most part without scandal, an example of severe virtue; and that, if unwilling captives have been detained within the convent-walls, victims to the pride of families, yet sometimes the unhappy have found a suitable retreat in these mansions of prayer and meditation. This praise may be bestowed on Monachism before its final departure from these regions.”

“Ath is the capital of a considerable Chatelleny, which, I was told, comprises not less than one hundred and twenty-two towns and villages. It carries on a pretty good internal traffic, and has a considerable manufactory of linen. No country in the world is better adapted by its situation for the combined advantages of foreign and domestic commerce, than that which formerly went by the name of the Austrian Netherlands—as must be evident to every one who looks at the map of the country, and considers the situation of Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, as well as the easy communication which its numerous rivers and canals maintain in the interior.

“Ath originally belonged to the House of Trezegnies, which held the title of Marquis, by whom it appears to have been sold in the twelfth century to Baldwin the IVth, Count of Hainault. This town submitted to the victorious arms of Louis the XIVth, during the rapid and successful campaign of 1667, when, with an utter disregard of every principle of justice, that ambitious Monarch attacked the Spanish Low Countries. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was concluded the year following, Ath was allowed to remain in the hands of Louis, who ordered it to be strongly fortified under the direction of the celebrated Vauban.

* Shaw’s “Sketches of the History of the Austrian Netherlands.”

By virtue of the treaty of Nimeguen, in 1678, Ath reverted to its old masters, the Spaniards, who kept the possession of it until 1697, when it was invested by a French army, under the command of the famous Marechal de Catinat, to whom it surrendered after a siege of thirteen days; but, during the course of the same year, it was restored to Spain by the peace of Ryswick. In 1706 a detachment of the allied army, under the command of field marshal the Count of Nassau Owerkercke, sat down before Ath with a formidable train of artillery. He forced the garrison to capitulate in a few days, and to surrender prisoners of war. The town was put into the hands of the Dutch, who kept possession of it till the year 1716, when it was given up to the emperor conformably to the Barrier Treaty. It was again taken by the French in 1745, when the inhabitants suffered grievously from the bombardment, and at the peace following was again restored to the emperor, since which period it remained free from the din of war until the year 1792, when it submitted to the French force under the command of general Berneron, two days after Dumourier's victory at Gemappe. They now form a part of the main kingdom of the Netherlands; in the stability and prosperity of which I feel deeply interested, and rejoice that I have lived to see the day when the Austrian Netherlands have been severed from France and incorporated with Holland.

"CLERIOUS LEICESTRIENSIS."

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

During the excessive cold in February last, a singular electrical phenomenon was noticed by several gentlemen in the State of Vermont, who have published accounts of it. In the evening after a snow-storm, which had been accompanied by *thunder and lightning*, a flame of the apparent size and brightness of the flame of a candle, was observed to issue from many of the more elevated points in the rail fences, which are frequent in that part of the country, attended by a crackling noise. On approaching these luminous appearances, they were found hovering over the sharp perpendicular stakes in the fences,

at about the height of a man's breast. One of the observers made the experiment of elevating his hand above his head, and found a similar light to proceed from his fingers; another raised his cane, which immediately emitted light from its ferule. The stakes in the fence from which this light and noise proceeded, were covered with snow; on brushing off the snow the sound was diminished.

We do not remember ever to have met with any notice of a similar phenomenon at the same period of the year, but we have been informed by a gentleman of intelligence and observation, that he had noticed an analogous appearance from the bayonets of the soldiers at Fort George, in an evening in July, at the time we were in possession of that fortress.

A very extraordinary occurrence, which must be referred to the same class, is related in an article which we copy from a Boston paper.

Boston, April 14.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

We have received the following (certified) statement from the officers and passengers on board the *Only Son*, arrived here this forenoon from Norfolk:

"On the 3d inst. at 9 P. M. Cape Henry lights bearing W. by S. about 7 leagues distant, the mate's watch on deck, he heard strange noises in the air, with distant thunder and lightning, black clouds rising at the same time from the north; he thought it prudent to call all hands on deck, although it was nearly calm at the time. On coming on deck, every one on board beheld the main-topmast apparently all on fire, the fire descending down the main-topmast-stay to the fore-mast head, and thence down the jib-stays, with a large blaze at the jib-boom end; at the same time the fire came trickling down the main-topmast, and ran across the fore and aft stay to the foremast head, and also descended down the main-topmast-lift to the outer end of the main-boom,—all sails were down to the booms,—but the appearance of fire aloft increasing, all on board were fearful of a consuming fire; but the clouds arose from the N. attended with lightning, thunder and rain, and these fiery appearances, (the duration of which was 30 minutes, and which had spread almost all over the rigging, though not quite to the decks,) were extinguished, (and no damage done.) The above phenomenon was the more alarming, from the great hissing noise attendant, (like throwing fish into a pan of hot fat,) attended with snappings, (similar to those from oyster-shells in a hot fire,) and with sparks flying therefrom in every direction to the distance of two or three feet from the spars and rigging aloft."

A writer in the *New-York Evening Post*, under the Signature of W. S., in remarking

on the above account, says, the appearances it describes are by no means unfrequent, at sea: and adds,

"I have also observed this phenomenon in Holland and the north of Germany, where the churches and spires are very lofty, and generally covered with copper or lead (perfect conductors), and where, in hot and dark nights, those fiery points and brushes frequently appear, sometimes only on the conductors and weathercocks, but also often at other projecting and elevated points of the building; and I should not at all be astonished to find the same to be the case here in a dark night, at the approach of, and during, a heavy thunder storm."

He tells us that this electrical phenomenon is termed by the French seamen, *feu saint elme*.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

From the period that spots have appeared on the sun, phenomena have continued to multiply themselves. Without mentioning the disorder of the season and temperature, the sudden melting of the eternal snows of Tyrol, of Switzerland, and of Jura, the unexpected Spring, which has already clad those countries with verdure, and even brought back the nightingales to their bowers, we cannot refrain from pointing out as remarkable occurrences:—1st, The irregularities and extraordinary contradictions of barometers. 2dly, The deviations of the needle. 3dly, The tide, which, according to intelligence from Italy, is now felt for the first time in the Adriatic; and, we may add, the northern lights, which have blazed over the French metropolis for a whole fortnight, in a manner attended with peculiarities never before observed. Let us also rank among the phenomena of the times, the silence of the learned on all these subjects.—*French paper*.

From the European Magazine, for Dec. 1816.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LETTERS.

"A French journal states that letters in England are without encouragement, public or private. Now it is well known, that a living writer of poetry has received a sum for his productions which it would startle a Frenchman to name. We believe that we may safely state that his gains for one year, by mere literature, have amounted to six thousand pounds. In England, we know nothing of government encouragement of literature, with the exception of the Laureate's shabby two hundred a year,—we keep the government to its proper business, and leave the remuneration of our writers to the booksellers, who very wisely buy nothing that will not sell. What they can afford to give, therefore, and do give to our authors, is good and faithful proof of the means and

intellect of our people, and hence it affords important information as to our general national condition and character. Thomas Moore's new poem is eagerly expected, and the booksellers, we believe, hold themselves prepared to give two or three thousand pounds for it.—Madame D'Arblay (late Miss Burney) is now living in France; she can declare, we apprehend, that for her last novel, which was not her best, she did not receive less than fifteen hundred pounds. Mr. Coleridge's caprice of *Christabel* procured him, we are assured, a bank note for one hundred pounds. The copy-right of the *Rejected Addresses*, and of a few parodies of Horace, was purchased for one thousand pounds of the authors,—and sixteen thousand copies, at least, have been sold. Lord Byron's poetical works have produced one person or another a sum that may fairly be described as forming a considerable fortune. Mr. Southey has amassed a large and most valuable library, and lives in comfort and great respectability, solely by his literary exertions. The Edinburgh Review sells nearly twelve thousand copies four times a year:—it is a splendid property to its editor and its publishers,—while forty, fifty, sixty, and a hundred pounds are given for each of the *Essays* of which it is composed."

There are now published in this State, ninety Newspapers, including six published semi-weekly from daily offices. Of these, eight are printed daily, eight semi-weekly, and the residue once a week.

LIZARDS FOUND IN A CHALK ROCK.

From the (British) Philosophical Magazine, for December, 1816.

Dr. Wilkinson lately presented to the Bath Philosophical Society, a letter he had received from a clergyman in Suffolk, relative to two lizards being discovered by the reverend gentleman in a chalk rock.

The clergyman in his letter, says, "A pit having been opened in the summer of 1814, at Eldon, Suffolk, for the purpose of raising chalk, I deemed it a favourable opportunity for procuring specimens of fossils; and, accordingly, commissioned the men employed, to search for and reserve whatever appeared curious. In this search I sometimes assisted, and had the good fortune to be present at the discovery of two lizards imbedded in the solid chalk, fifty-two feet below the surface. The following is the result of my observations:—So completely devoid of life did the lizards appear, on their first exposure to the air, that I actually considered them in a fossil state: judge then of my surprise, when, on my attempting to take them up, I perceived them move! I immediately placed them in the sun, the heat of which soon restored them to animation. In this state I carried

them home, and immersed one in water, keeping the other in a dry place. You may, perhaps, consider it worthy your observation, that the mouths of the lizards were closed up with a glutinous substance. This obstruction seemed to cause them great inconvenience, which was evident from the agitation perceptible in their throats, and from the frequent distention of their jaws, or rather, around their jaws and head; indeed, they seemed in a state little short of suffocation. The newt which had been immersed in water, after many violent struggles, was at length enabled to open its mouth: this afforded it instant relief, and it evidently derived much satisfaction and comfort from its new element. The other lizard, notwithstanding its repeated endeavours, was unable to open its mouth, and it died in the course of the night, probably from being debarred the use of its proper element. The remaining lizard continued alive in the water for several weeks, during which it appeared to increase in size. It disliked confinement; and after many attempts, at length, to my great mortification, effected its escape, nor could I ever after find it."

FROM THE ANNALS OF PHILOSOPHY,

FOR DECEMBER, 1816.

On the Horse Leech, as a Prognosticator of the weather. By James Stockton.

Mr. S. after noticing the opinions that have long been entertained, that certain animals have an instinctive intimation of approaching changes in the weather, which they exhibit by various signs, and adverting to the hints, on this subject, in the Georgics of Virgil, where it is observed that cows are uncommonly affected before rain, proceeds,

"But that (animal) to which I have chiefly confined my notice, and that, in fact, which appears, from a long series of regular and diligent observations, best entitled to notice, is the horse leech, and it is the intention of this article to record a few remarks on its peculiarities, as exhibited by one kept in a large phial covered with a piece of linen rag, three parts full of clear spring water, which

is regularly changed, thrice a week, and kept in a room, at a distance from the fire. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form at the bottom of the glass, but prior to rain or snow, it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy, or of some continuance, it remains a considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends; should the rain or snow be likely to be accompanied with wind, it darts about with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. If a storm of thunder and lightning be approaching, it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent convulsive starts, at the top or bottom of the glass. It is remarkable that, however fine and serene the weather may be, and when not the least indication of a change appears, either from the sky, the barometer, or any other cause whatever, yet if the animal ever quit the water, or move in a desultory manner, so certainly, and I have never once been deceived, will the coincident results occur in 36, 24, or even in 12 hours, though its motions, as I have before stated, chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind, as in many cases I have known it give above a week's warning."

CHEMICAL BLOW-PIPE.

Professor Silliman, of Yale College, in a letter to the editor of the Daily Advertiser of this city, has sufficiently proved that the honour of inventing the chemical blow-pipe, which by uniting a stream of oxygen and hydrogen gases produces so intense a heat as to fuse immediately the most refractory substances; and the experiments with which have, recently, excited so much attention in Europe, is due to our countryman, Mr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, who made the discovery in 1801, and communicated it in 1802, to the Chemical Society of Philadelphia. The experiments with this apparatus have since been pursued, without intermission, by Mr. Hare and Professor Silliman, and have been publicly exhibited by the latter, for years, in his Academical Lectures.